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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1840. NO. 1017.---VOL. XIX.—NO. 13.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

To the Young Readers of the Register.

We occasionally meet, my friends, with instances of persons, who have brought much unhappiness upon themselves and others by their want of decision or of moral courage, by their not being able to say 'No,' when temptation assailed them. I wish to give now as much of the history of a young man of this character, as will show the evil of indecision and moral cowardice. H. H. J.

THE UNDECIDED NO.

CHAPTER I.

William Guildmore and John Henson lived in the same town, and were apprenticed to the same business. William was a year older than John and was a year before him in his apprenticeship, each one having been bound to the business, when fourteen years old. The boys, as was customary at the time, boarded with their master. They were required by him to be at home at night always by ten o'clock. The store closed at nine, or a little before, and this hour, from nine to ten, the boys were at liberty to use as they would. They usually spent it at the house of the father of John, who lived a short distance from the store. Every night after the shutters of the store were closed and the doors locked, you might see John and William hurrying home, for William was as freely admitted as John, on account of their friendship. And happy enough did they seem as they ran homewards, and happier still when they entered the room where the family were collected. There were the two chairs placed invitingly for them, there sat John's father with his cheerful voice of welcome, there was his mother with her sweet smile lighting up her happy and handsome face, and there too, were his sisters who had been waiting for the coming of the boys, full of life and joy. How swiftly did the hour pass and the time come for them to leave. John; ever prompt to do his duty, when the hand of the old clock pointed to the hour of departure, was ready to go. Loving tenderly his parents and sisters, he loved his duty better, and considering himself under a promise to his kind master to be at home at the required hour, no pleasure or happiness could induce him to remain. And never was he urged. For his noble-minded parents true to duty themselves, rejoiced always to see their only son true to his duty. William was generally ready to go at the proper time, but occasionally when the clock would strike unexpectedly to him, busily occupied and full of happiness, he would say, 'come John, let us stay for a few minutes, Mr W. will not care.' 'No,' John would answer, 'the time has come and we must go.'

In the town where John and William lived, were many boys about their own age, who were accustomed to spend their evenings out of doors. As the two boys sat with the family, they would at times hear the merry laugh from the street. Soon a knock is heard at the door, and John is inquired for. He goes to the door, and some one says, 'come, we are having royal sport, come out a little while.' 'No, I cannot come,' John answers pleasantly, but so decidedly that he is not asked the second time. William is then called for. 'Come with us.' 'No I think I had better not,' he would say, but with hesitation in his voice and manner, and he would go back to the family. His companions would soon return and entreat him; still would he refuse for a time, but at last would yield to their request and go to join in their night sport. In this little incident you can see the character of the two boys. Both were of cheerful dispositions, both active in business, and pleasant companions. But the one true to his duty, could give a 'decided no' to temptation of every kind, the other could say 'no,' but undecidedly and with hesitation.

They lived thus for several years, becoming more and more acquainted with business and gaining the love of their friends. Being warmly attached to each other, they had made an agreement, that when both were of age, they would go into business together. At last William is twenty-one years old, but as John has one year more to spend with his employer, he also continues in the store. The time expires, and now they are ready to commence business. They select a town not very far distant from their own. The boys, now grown to be young men, come to spend their last evening at home before settling down in their *new* home.

The family are cheerful but quiet. John's father has a few words of advice, and his mother makes a few remarks in her own pleasant way, but as the evening passes by, the room becomes still. All are thinking of the happiness of the delightful evenings passed together, now to be interrupted, and as they indulge their reflections, some eyes fill, and a few tears start. 'Come,' says John, brushing away a tear from his own eye, let us be thankful for our past happiness and hope that we may enjoy it again, at some time.' 'That is right,' says his mother cheerfully, 'we shall soon meet, and let us part in good spirits.' All but one appeared happy. This one was John's sister Sarah, a beautiful girl, with deep blue eyes, and a fair complexion. She *endeavored* to appear cheerful, but in vain. She had ever been most tenderly attached to her brother, but she knew not till now how strong an affection she felt for William. For John, in parting, she had no fear, so great was her confidence in his integrity and decision and strength of character. But for William she did fear. Generous and kind-hearted as she knew him to be, she saw that he lacked in that firm, Christian decidedness of character, which turns away unharmed from temptation. William was warmly attached to her and had made the most solemn declaration that he would go on in life without yielding to the dangers which beset him. Still Sarah feared, and though at times her blue eye would brighten with hope, it would soon be again overcast with the anxiety of fear.

The time for separation came, and after receiving the warm wishes and prayers of all, William and John left for their new home. But few words were spoken by either, for their hearts were too full of the scenes which memory was rapidly bringing before them. But at length, bright hopes for the future, came up to scatter the pictures of memory, and in cheerfulness they reached the town where their fortune was to be tried. They were soon well established in business, and as both were attentive and obliging, they were prospered even beyond their hopes.

After a few months William became less attentive to business and more fond of pleasure. John saw the change with anxiety. His own attachment to William was great, and he knew how closely his sister's affections were twined around him. He spoke plainly to him but kindly. William felt somewhat hurt, but promised to shun for the future, every thing that could cause anxiety to John.

He avoided every kind of dissipation and all things again went on well. He attended closely to business, gained more and more of the affections of his customers, and filled John's heart with joy. They visited together their old home, and who can tell the happiness which filled all hearts in that house. The fine, open, manly countenances of the young men beamed with pleasure. During this visit, the eye of Sarah was *not clouded*, but ever seemed radiant with joy.

CHAPTER II.

After a short visit, John and William returned to their business, both grateful for the enjoyment received by them, and both looking forward to another meeting with their dear friends. Their business continued prosperous. Frequently were letters received from home, expressing the liveliest interest in their welfare.

Prosperity *became a trial* to William. Naturally gay, he was inclined to the allurements which pleasure spread out for him. Lively company, the keen jest and the 'passing bowl,' were strong temptations to him, and occasionally did he yield. Having once yielded, more and more frequently did temptation come. William could not give a 'decided no,' and the tempter *half refused*, soon returned. John stood unmoved. His character was based on the rock of Christian principle and no temptation could overthrow it. It was with deep anxiety that he watched William, and often and urgently did he entreat him to stop and reflect on his course. His words at first were heeded, but soon were disregarded, and the red, swollen eyes and haggard countenance told a sad tale. William visited at last his old home. His friends had been made somewhat anxious by the altered tone of John's last letters, but how was their anxiety increased when they saw him. And who shall describe Sarah's feelings? The blood fled from her face, and she felt a sinking of her heart, which those only can imagine who have felt. Kindly did she and all receive him, but their very kindness seemed to reproach him, so warmly did his conscience upbraid him. Sarah soon told him in words, what her pale and distressed countenance had already told, of the dreadful pain and forebodings of her heart. They conversed for a long time, and he was melted in grief and solemnly promised her to stop immediately in his downward course. 'William,' said she, 'you know that I love you dearly, but strong as my affection is, I must break off our connexion, though my heart break in doing it, unless you turn back from the awful path on which you have entered.'

He returned to his business full of good resolutions.

Let us follow Sarah for a few moments. After William was gone, she went to her own room, where she remained for so long a time, that her mother anxious at her absence went to her, and found her with her face in her hands and sobbing deeply. Sarah raised her head, and what a ghastly paleness was spread over her face. Her mother spoke as a *mother* only can speak, and at last, relieved and encouraged by her tender sympathy, Sarah kneeled and clasping her mother's hands prayed fervently for William and herself.

William engaged in his store with attention again for a time, and again the heart of John was partly relieved. But, alas! hope was soon to be blasted. Intemperance had fastened his vulture fangs upon William and would not let him go. Temptation came with magnetic influence, and soon drew him away from the path of virtue. He felt that he was going, and as he thought of Sarah, he made one or two convulsive efforts to save himself. But in vain. He was already in the circles of the whirlpool; and rapid and more rapidly was he carried round, till he was plunged into the depths of the abyss of dissipation and sin.

How closely are we connected with our fellow beings; our sins bring misery, our virtues bring happiness to them. If William had been the only sufferer, his fall would have been pitiable enough. But it was not so. Led away by his craving appetite, he had not only neglected the business but had so embarrassed it, that when John examined their affairs to make a final settlement, he found that all his own property must go to meet the demands. He would willingly have made this sacrifice, but he feared that this was not all, that he should be obliged to call upon his father, who had already done for them as much as he well could.

He and others had had suspicions of this result at times, and the question had been often asked of him, why he did not separate from William. His answer was, 'I *promised* to go into business with him, and while there is a gleam of hope left, I will be true to him.' Now all was over, hope was changed into despair, and nothing more could be done, than to close the business. His father cheerfully assisted him, though at great sacrifice to himself. And having paid every debt, John shut the doors of the store, and turned his way homeward. Sad enough was his solitary ride. The thought of his ruined friend and of his heart-broken sister were but dull companions. Oh, William, if you could only have said 'no,' to temptation, all this unhappiness might have been avoided. Where was the miserable young man at this time? The fire of intemperance had not burned up all feeling, and unable to bear the sight of the misery caused by himself, before the business was closed he had disappeared and none of his friends knew where.

John found sadness and gloom at home. His parents and two of his sisters met him with that warm pressure of the hand, that low, subdued voice, and melancholy half-smile, which speaks of almost entirely unmitigated sorrow.

His sister Sarah at first did not come to him, but when she came, how startled was he. Always beautiful, she was beautiful still, but now it was with a *sepulchral* beauty. Her forehead seemed of icy whiteness. A faint flush was upon her cheek, but it was the fever-flush sent by a breaking-heart. Her blue eye was lovely still, but it had lost its brilliancy, never to be restored by earthly joy. She met her brother, took his hand in her own, and for a few moments spoke not a word. But finally said, 'Father, thy will be done.' Nature could bear no more. Her head fell upon her brother's arm and she gave way to her grief.

CHAPTER III.

John possessed too much delicacy of feeling to permit him to remain long at home, where he could do but little towards supporting himself. Not wishing to cause any further expense to his father, he soon prepared to take leave. He resolved to go to a distant city, where he hoped to commence business anew with success. His parents, though pained at parting with him, were willing that he should go, for they sympathized with his feelings and knew that he was guided now as ever by a regard to duty. His mother, when she thought upon the distance which was to separate her son from them, could not but feel a chilling presentiment, that she should never meet him again. The time appointed for his departure came. The family assembled and offered one fervent prayer. John, then with tender manliness took leave of each one. All felt proud of him, for he possessed that true Christian heroism which prompted him to do his duty, at any sacrifice. The parting between him and his sister Sarah, though sad, was softened by the spirit of Christian resignation. She knew that her time on earth was short. She spake quietly of her expectation of a speedy death and of their reunion in heaven. Happy are those brothers and sisters, who cherish here on earth that mutual, confiding, holy love which will endure and increase forever.

As John rode on towards Boston, where he was to take a vessel for Charleston, the whole of his past life recurred to him, those happy evenings at home, that prosperous commencement of business, and all the hopes, which like messenger birds from heaven had ever flown before and around him to beckon him on. He could not but regret the change, yet he soon forgot his own sorrow in pity for William. No unkind feeling was in his bosom, for that bosom was too well filled with the spirit of Jesus to permit any such unwelcome intruder.

'Oh, William,' he said, 'would that you could have had the power to say 'no' to the first temptation. Pity him, Father of mercies.'

When John reached Boston, he found that the vessel was not ready to sail. One day, when walking through the streets of the city, his attention was attracted by a woman whose countenance was deeply marked by sorrow. She was coming towards him, but before they met, she stopped at a group of boys and inquired the direction to some street. He passed her as she was inquiring, and though hearing but a few words, he thought that the boys had misdirected her. He waited a moment, and seeing that she went in the opposite way from the street she wanted to find, he stepped up to her and gently asked if she wished to go Hanover Street. She answered, yes. 'Then you have been misinformed by those boys,' he said, and pointed out the right direction. The woman thanked him, but as she turned away, an expression of deepest anguish passed over her face. It was sad enough for her to be a stranger in a strange city, but how was her sadness increased by the unkind deception of those boys. John feeling as a stranger himself, sympathized with the woman, and as he walked on, he wiped away a tear.

The vessel sailed in a few days, he reached Charleston in safety, and was soon engaged in business.

CHAPTER IV.

Let us now return to the sister of John. Her grief, though tempered by love to God and love to her fellow-beings, still wore upon her frame. She grew weaker and weaker, and at last raised a quantity of blood. This prostrated her immediately. She felt that her end was very near. At times she suffered from religious melancholy, as well as from sorrow for William. One day and night she was in peculiar gloom, feeling as if she had lost all love for God. Her friends sought to relieve her, but her depression still remained. At length morning came, a bright beautiful morning, and all her gloom had passed away. The sweetest smile played over her countenance. 'God has given me an angel's face,' she said, and it was an angel's face shining with heaven's own light. Her friends looked upon her in surprise, and almost forgot their grief. Her eye, which had become dull, was now bright, but with no earthly brilliancy. Her words now were all words of tenderness and joy. She comforted her parents and her sisters, she breathed a prayer for her dear brother, and her words grew fainter and fainter. The beautiful light seemed to fade from her countenance, and her eyes sweetly closed in death.

Not long after the funeral of Sarah, a letter was received from Charleston. It was not in John's writing, and with great anxiety was it opened. The fears of his friends were all realized. John had been taken sick with one of the southern fevers, and after a short illness died.

During his sickness he received every attention from the woman whom he met in Boston. She went to Charleston a few months after John, to live with a son who was residing there, and when she heard of his sickness, she went to him and watched with him day and night, till all was over. The cup of affliction for his father and mother, now seemed full, but they were able to say, 'the cup which our Father hath given, shall we not drink it?'

Some years after the death of Sarah, one who knew her well was passing by her grave, and saw a man lying by its side. She started, for the sight was too sad. The victim of intemperance at an angel's grave. The man raised his head, and she recognized William Guildmore. As he saw her, he rose and staggered away.

Thus we see the misery caused by the weakness and indecision of one person. Had William resisted temptation and said 'no,' how different would his history have been. How much unhappiness might have been saved. Let us remember that all is not over at death. Sarah died, and her spirit went home to the regions of the blessed. John's earthly prospects were blighted and he also died. Now father, mother, brother and sister are in heaven. William died too, and where is *he?*

RELIGION OPENS THE HEART.

The Rev. Mark Wilkes is, I believe, still alive. He was and still is well known in London. He is an eminent divine, a pious and most worthy man; and a considerable wit withal.—God has placed him in easy circumstances, has also given him a warm and charitable heart. No deserving poor man ever went away sorrowfully from Mark Wilkes' door. One day a poor man belonging to his church, who had something of Mark Wilkes' manner, as to the matter of wit—and who certainly was a very worthy and pious man—came to his door, and told his minister, that 'his poor wife had just been confined and that she had brought him another fine child. But then so it is,' added he, 'God has not given us this day, a morsel of bread in the house.' 'Ah!' said Mark Wilkes, affecting great indifference, 'John! I have always understood that when God sends a child into this world, he always sends bread with it.' 'Most true, your Reverence,' cried John, 'God's goodness always does so; but then *he has sent the child to me—and the bread to you.* And therefore it is that I have come for some of it.' 'Come in, John, cried Mark Wilkes,' as a tear coursed down his cheek—'come in and take as much as you want.'—*Ref. Dutch Magazine.*

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—Considering your valuable paper, a fit medium through which some familiar grievances resulting from the regular agency of the pulpit, may be communicated, without parochial disturbance or personal inquietude, except so far as the latter may be incident to a knowledge of facts and the powers of relief, I would solicit the insertion of the subjoined remarks in the Christian Register.

There are circumstances in which a considerable body of Unitarian worshippers find themselves somewhat unhappily situated; and that not from a want of piety, intelligence or learning in their pastor, but because he fails to elicit from those rich sources of Christian heat and light, the peculiar influences and befitting instructions which their spiritual wants demand. Of his piety we would speak with becoming deference and affection; to his talents we would bear the testimony of unmingled respect, while for his learning, we would testify our admiration for its extent and variety, if not for its depth and accuracy. This, indeed, is singularly various and diffuse and always at command, at grave or slight biddings, 'in season and out of season.' What then, it may be asked, can be your difficulty or ground of complaint with such a minister? Perhaps, in a few words, it may be found in the character and amount of a literary affluence weighing heavily or rudely on a taste or genius not well adapted or educated to the successful ministration of the word of *life*. For instance, we do not like to be treated as ignorant of *first and essential principles in every Christian creed*, nor to have them set forth, (not elucidated) in propositions and expositions of a painful fidelity and elaborateness. For no one who repairs, as an habitual worshipper to the house of God, need have the truisms as well of natural religion as of His revealed will, to be made the subjects of formal argument, as though the very *postulates* in theology could be made clearer by a labored ratiocination. Such a course of preaching is, in itself, unsatisfactory and in bad taste, and may be positively injurious, by exciting a nascent spirit of skepticism in minds young and inquisitive, which, but for the doubts and arguments ostentatiously summoned to the *conflict*, by the learned preacher, would rest in the salutary and consistent faith of the enlightened Christian. But this mode of procedure, necessarily, excludes 'the weightier matters of the law'—the sublime doctrines, and the spirit-stirring precepts of the Gospel, which, we conceive, are more than enough to engross the highest energies and warmest, holiest affections of the Christian minister. We object, moreover, to the making the pulpit, on the Lord's day, the place for lecturing, *however learnedly*, on subjects of mere science, with but slight or ineffective, casual reference to religous duty and truth, 'to point a moral or adorn a tale.' Such displays in the Lyceum or lecture room, would be quite appropriate, and, doubtless in the main, deserve the applause of those, who might haply understand them.

Order, naturalness, perspicuity in the construction of sermons, we deem of high importance: so much so that the want of them cannot be compensated by the most splendid diction, or magniloquent sentences, or a stream of words flowing as from an exhaustless fountain. And here it may be pertinently remarked, that the office of the Christian teacher, diligently and heartily discharged, will scarcely permit *his engagedness*, either as a student or virtuoso, in the multiform literature or in the party questions of the day. Albeit, as a good scholar he cannot be backward in appropriating a due portion of the increasing knowledge of the day, nor be ignorant of passing events; especially for their uses in illustrating and commending to his hearers, the varied topics to which the attention of a Christian auditory should be habitually drawn.

Instruction, ay, instruction in the truths and righteousness of Christianity; persuasion, by a bold and manly, yet affecting presentiment of motives to a holy life, should ever constitute the paramount business of the Christian preacher. And this high and holy vocation should never be lost from our vision, midst the mazes of human science, or the flowers of literature or the classic graces of an ornate, exuberant dissertation. Moreover, ought it not to occur to the preacher, that he utters himself to an assembly consisting of a great variety of minds, of which a large proportion is too young or too ignorant to apprehend the meaning of such learned lore; too simple or too weak to enjoy such *ambrosial* fare; and, of course, may be obliged 'to go empty away?'

If, with a mysterious facility, the preacher, intent on a beneficent and attractive result, will strive to multiply his 'five loaves and two small fishes,' let it be done in a manner that shall not render the multitude dissatisfied with the indigestible accompaniments, however much they may admire the process of multiplication. Now let it not be supposed that these remarks are submitted in a spirit of querulousness, much less, of ill-temper. Far otherwise;—they are but the embodied suggestions of a pure benevolence and a desire for true and wholesome reform, in not only the case under special animadversion, but in all instances to which the remarks may be found applicable.

A LEARNER.

For the Register and Observer.

Extract of a Sermon preached at Washington, on occasion of the burning of the Lexington, by S. G. Bulfinch, Pastor of the Unitarian Church.

A warning of an awful character, directs our thoughts in the present instance, to the contemplation of the subject of death. A calamity has taken place, in a distant section of our country it is true, but involving in destruction so many lives, and that by a mode of death, at the thought of which, we shrink with more than usual horror, desolating so many circles of domestic happiness, sending agony into so many hearts, that it has not failed to awaken powerfully, your sympathy, and that of all to whom it has been known. To us, my friends, there is another source of mournful feelings beyond those which we share with our fellow citizens at large.

Among those who suffered that agonizing death, was one whose voice has been heard from this pulpit, listened to with deep attention by admiring and instructed crowds, such as have at scarce any other time thronged our place of worship—one, the richness of whose mind and the gentleness of whose demeanor are well remembered by you—one known to myself still more intimately, as the accomplished, kind instructor, the devoted, energetic, yet always moderate and courteous Christian philanthropist, and as a personal friend. To those who have enjoyed his intimate acquaintance, the name of Charles Follen will ever be remembered as that of one among the most beautiful instances they have known of the exalted character of a Christian, a scholar and a friend of the human race. To extensive learning, he united a simplicity of character, a singleness and purity of heart and purpose, which none could fail to perceive and admire.—Deeply imbued with the love of liberty, he came among us, as so many of the noblest spirits of the old world have come, an exile for his political opinions, for the fearlessness with which, while holding the station of professor of civil law, he had traced back the origin of government to its true source, the consent of the governed. The same love of liberty remained with him in his adopted home; it led him, as was natural that it should, in his situation, to views on some subjects, with which the majority among ourselves do not coincide; but these views were by him ever sustained with that gentleness, that respect for the feelings of others, allowance for their different circumstances, and reverence for their admitted rights, which became him as a follower of Jesus Christ. It was indeed, the union of indomitable courage in behalf of whatever he believed to be right, with the calm moderation which chiefly characterized him. But the qualities of his intellect were of an order not less high than those of his heart. Already eminent in one profession, in his own country, he adopted in ours, guided by the kindred spirit of Channing, another, and that for which his piety and singleness of heart peculiarly adapted him; and as a clergyman, he attained, as you my friends can bear witness, an eminence excelled by few.—When he came to these shores, he was entirely ignorant of our language. In a few years, he attained a perfection in its use, such as foreigners scarcely acquire in a much longer period.—He is gone! The affectionate and noble minded woman, of spirit kindred with his own, who had united her destiny with his, survives him, to lament the sudden and awful event of her bereavement, and to instil into the mind of his only son, the lesson, to be worthy of such a father. He is gone, and it is well with him; we would not call him back from that happier shore, that heavenly country, whither, having served his beloved master on earth, he hath ascended. But we would keep ever bright within us, the memory of him and such as him. May the recollection of what we have known of departed excellence, strengthen us to maintain stedfastly whatever we believe to be right, at whatever personal loss, even that of country and home; while ever, though calledto act in scenes where others strive with the unhallowed weapons of discord, we display in all things the gentle spirit of the Lamb of God.—But Follen died not alone. The horrors of that hour who can conceive? We may imagine our friend, like the lamented *Woart* on the wreck of the Pulaski, affording consolation and giving the blessing of a Christian Pastor to his fellow sufferers; but soon a fiery death encircled all, and now the wave sweeps over them forever. Calm be their slumbers, joyful their waking! Be it ours in what now remains, to meditate on that great change which they have experienced and which must come to all—the change from life to death, from corruption to immortality.

[Extracts from Dr Woodward's Report.]

STATE LUNATIC HOSPITAL.

It is now nearly seven years since this Hospital was opened for the reception of the insane. During this period one thousand and thirty-four patients have been admitted, and eight hundred and five have been discharged. Of this last number, four hundred and twenty-four have recovered, seventy-five have died, and three hundred and six have been discharged not recovered; some as harmless and incurable, some for want of room, others by order of the courts, or at the request of friends.

There have been in the Hospital in the course of the year, three hundred and ninety-seven patients, one hundred and ninety-five of whom were males, and two hundred and two were females.

There remained at the close of the last year, two hundred and eighteen patients, one hundred and fifteen of whom were males, and one hundred and three were females.

There have been admitted in the course of the year, one hundred and seventy-nine patients, of whom eighty were males, and ninety-nine were females. Eighty-four of this number had been insane less than one year, thirty-four males and fifty females; and ninety-five had been insane more than one year, forty-six males and forty-nine females. Of this number, one hundred and twenty-three were admitted by the courts, thirteen by the overseers of the poor of the towns, and forty-three by the friends.

In the course of the year, there have been forty-two foreign paupers in the Hospital. Of these, twenty-nine were natives of Europe and Africans, seventeen males and twelve females: and thirteen paupers from other states, six males and seven females.

There are now in the Hospital, at the close of the year, two hundred and twenty-nine patients. Of these, thirty-four have been insane less than one year, fourteen males and twenty females; and one hundred and ninety-five more than one year, ninety-nine males and ninety-six females.

The Hospital has been full at all times, and we have been obliged to reject, for want of suitable accommodations, one hundred and fifteen applications made at the Hospital, sixty of which were citizens of this State, thirty-six from other states, and nineteen whose residence was not recorded.

The number of patients admitted in the course of the year, was greater than any former year, and the number of residents greater by thirty-five, than any former year.

Since Oct. 1838, we have had a regular chaplain constantly employed, and we have found great benefit from this arrangement. At the time above mentioned, Rev. Luzerne Ray commenced this duty, and continued to preach for us till September of the present year. He was a sensible, discreet man, a forcible preacher, and much admired and respected by all our household. On all occasions he commanded the attention of his audience, and during the period of his services the congregation was, without exception, quiet and respectful. He left us in September last, and Rev. Julius A. Reed, took his place, and at present officiates as chaplain. The services of Mr Reed have not been less acceptable than those of his predecessor, and he gives promise of being equally well beloved and equally useful. Both have usually written their sermons for the occasion, and both have been entirely judicious in adapting their discourses to the condition and wants of our people. Our religious services are most interesting occasions, they are conducted in all respects after the custom of the New England churches, differing only in being more brief. They do not exceed an hour, and are generally limited to fifty minutes. We have never failed to have good singing, in which a greater or less number of the patients participate. The decorum in the chapel, the regular order and propriety with which the patients take their place, leave the house, and return to their several apartments has excited the admiration of all visiters and strangers.

Four-fifths of the patients who have been in the Hospital during the last year, have attended the exercises of the chapel on the Sabbath, and most of them very regularly. The congregation varies from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and upwards. The experience of each day strongly impresses us with the benefit of these religious services. They have a direct and constant influence upon the conduct and feelings of many individuals, and perhaps upon nearly all.

The Author of Christianity, while upon earth, relieved the malady of the insane by a miracle; the religion which he taught has the same spirit as its author. It is only where Christianity prevails, that institutions for the relief of insanity are found. It is the spirit of Christianity that founds and fosters them. Unless the same spirit influences those who minister in them, they cease to be humane and benevolent asylums, and become truly bedlams and mad-houses.

No class of mankind more truly need the influence of religion than the insane. With a sufficiently powerful motive they can, to a great extent, govern and control their conduct; they can be made to feel responsibility, to know that they should not do wrong, and that they are amenable for their bad conduct just so far as they know how, and are able to do better.

Insanity does not make mankind better; if the rational give way to passion and temper and suffer themselves to be influenced by bad motives, the maniac does this no less because he is insane. He may have been a bad man independent of his disease, and he may also have been a good man independent of it. As I have elsewhere remarked, his whole mind is not always insane; there are chords in his intellect and moral feelings which can be made

to vibrate by proper touches, and the response may change his whole character, and influence his whole conduct. His moral feelings may be sound and healthy if his intellect is disturbed by illusions, or his understanding may, to a great extent, be rational when his feelings are perverted and his whole moral nature estranged. It is by appeals to the understanding and the sensibilities through these healthy avenues that the mind is reached by the moral influence which we exert, and this is also the avenue for religious influence.

Regular religious teaching is as necessary and beneficial to the insane as to the rational mind; in a large proportion of the cases it will have equal influence. They as well know their imperfections if they will not admit their delusions, and they feel the importance of good conduct to secure the confidence and esteem of those whose good opinion they value. We hardly know the extent and value of religious influence upon the general character of the community at large, who do not profess to be themselves religious. If they attend to the duties of the Sabbath, not forgetting the 'assembling themselves together' in religious worship, how much better men they are; how much more honest, respectable and respected; how much better informed, and how much more intelligent.

No man can hear, weekly, two well written sermons, without treasuring up a mass of valuable knowledge, and at the same time that he does this his moral feelings are touched and enlivened, his conscience is made more susceptible and tender, and his whole character is made better.

So it is with the insane; they have respect for the Sabbath and for the institutions of religion; they feel its holy influence; they avoid labor, lay aside amusements, and go cheerfully and joyfully to the place of worship. Their minds are rendered solemn by the calm atmosphere of the place; the melody of music touches their hearts; prayer elevates their feelings, makes them sensible of their imperfections and their wants, and inspires their hopes. The reading of the Scriptures, and the instructions and admonitions of the sermon, lead to sober reflections and salutary resolutions. In all these exercises they are rational beings; their delusions have departed; their reveries are laid aside; their prejudices are forgotten; the mind runs into new and healthy channels; the perturbed feelings are soothed and put to rest; the excited are more composed; the depressed are more cheerful; the timid are rendered confident; all are made to feel better and happier, and realize that it is good for them to devote the day to such pleasant and useful duties.

We cannot estimate the favorable influence of such a day upon the insane. We cannot appreciate the importance of the weekly repetitions of such seasons of calm repose and solemn devotion, upon the character and quiet of our little community, and the happiness of many individuals of our family.

For the Register and Observer.

A WINTER EVENING.

The stars in silent majesty
Look down on things below,
And earth now wears her drapery
Of pure and spotless snow.
No lady in her bridal hour
E'er wore a gem so bright
As those which on tree, bush, and bower,
Are glittering tonight.
But soon, alas! the southern breeze
And sun's destructive ray
Will melt the jewels of the trees
And earth's bright robe away.
Thus beautiful man seems at birth,
Thus bright at life's sweet morn;
He too thus mingles with the earth,
And while we gaze is gone.
But as the vapor, purified,
Unseen, to heaven will fly,
E'en so the soul of man, untied
From earth, ascends on high. H. S. S.

For the Register and Observer.

If I rightly judge, my impression of the beauty and eloquence of the following extracts from a letter which I was permitted to see, does not depend upon the peculiar occasion and circumstances under which it was written. Of this you can judge better than myself. The occasion and circumstances are not for the public ear. If the extracts have any merit without them, they are at your service.

* * * 'I have often wondered how girls that were really serious, could form the closest of earthly connexions with persons who cannot sympathise with them in their purest and best thoughts, in their noblest and highest aspirations. Beside that yearning for sympathy which can never be satisfied, such a connexion must be a blight and mildew upon the soul of any one whose thoughts and affections are bounded by the horizon of the pursuits and pleasures of this fleeting world. Yet such unions we often see. And it seems as if a more abundant supply of the good things of this life weighed more in the balance, than all those qualities, which would enrich the heart and mind, and which exert an influence, sometimes almost magical, upon those that come within their sphere, —more too than that love and sympathy which seem a foretaste of the communion of beatified spirits in heaven. Why, if this life is but the infancy of our being,—merely the commencement of our course—why should connexions be formed that do not include the idea of another world? and which the touch of death will dissolve? * * * *

Would it not be delightful, if friends that seem almost too much one to separate even for a moment while here on earth, could be assured at death, that they should pass hand in hand from this state to another and higher one, that together they might enter upon the new scenes that awaited them, that together they might learn the lesson which that higher school had prepared for them? If this were so, death would lose everything that clothes him in terror to the souls that are otherwise prepared. The stinging thoughts would be gone, which sometimes make those who might otherwise hail him as the bright messenger of release, shrink trembling from his embrace. But why should I say these things? We can see, even here, that it is better as it is. Our affections and sympathies would be contracted to a sphere too narrow—and more than that, our severest trials would then be spared us; and it is affliction more than anything else, that strengthens the soul. I know too, that we are prone to depend too much on our friends as it is, and God takes them from us to teach us to depend more entirely upon him. But he has left us the bright hope that we shall again be united to departed loved ones. And when those that have been long and dearly loved, are taken from us, we need not, even then, be left wholly desolate. Though unseen by the bodily eye,—though the place they had once filled, be left vacant, I should feel that they still felt an interest in their earthly friends, and would often be with us, though we were all unconscious of it. I know this has not been told us in the written Word, but I have a belief in it firm enough to make it a source of great consolation in times of affliction. And what is of more value than any present alleviation, the thought that they were interested chiefly in the growth of what is immortal within me, would be one among the many motives to keep me in the right path. In witnessing the deepest and most agonizing sorrow, their happiness would not be disturbed, could they but see our spirit coming forth purified and refined by the fiery furnace. They can see, as we cannot, how trial and sorrow produce our highest good.

I can easily conceive how the bowed down and wearied spirit should look forward to the future, as a state of rest—of rest from its fatigues and vexations. But the prospect which seems to me to be the most bright and cheering is, that there, the desire for improvement will be more fully satisfied,—that the soul will then grow more rapidly, and that, freed from the fetters and hindrances which so often bind it down and quench its loftiest aspirations here, it will soon attain a height in glory and excellence of which we can now hardly form a conception. Instead of being surrounded by those that understand not and care not for these things, it will there find a sympathy which this world knows not of. There will be no suffering there, because it will not be needed for the growth of the soul. Even here, rightly considered, it is no real evil; nothing is so which does not harm the soul. * * * * * *

Such a vast congregation as was collected on Thursday, such a living, moving multitude of human beings has any other than enlivening and cheerfulizing effect upon me. It makes me serious, almost sad. I did not wonder that it was so at H——, for there was much to excite sad associations there. It was the birth place and much loved home of my sainted Father. There is now no bitterness in thinking of the blessed as we doubt not he is, but there was much to excite emotions at H—. I was not alone in these feelings. * * And why is it not right to believe that on the day when all met as brothers and members of one family to commemorate the good and noble deeds of their fathers, and to express their gratitude for the influence they had exerted—why is it not right to believe that on such an occasion their purified spirits could sympathize with what was passing upon that little spot of the earth? that they might be their unseen spectators, but yet, a far greater multitude than the eye could behold? It cannot be well, that what we call death should create a gulf, as it often appears to do, which our thoughts and affections may not pass. Nor should death be to the Christian the dread minister which it often appears to be. It only opens to him another and higher scene of duty, enjoyment and exertion. The form, too, on which death has laid his cold hand may sometimes be repulsive; but it is not always so. I have seen it more than once when it was beautiful, very beautiful. Never shall I forget the appearance that death left, when a bud of being which had been entrusted to sister Mary for a few brief hours, left her to bloom in a brighter and happier world. When laid out in its little shroud, the face marble pale, and its eye closed forever, the tiny hands folded upon its breast, and a rose-bud, severed like itself, from the parent stem before it was unfolded, placed between them, it was pleasant though sad to gaze upon it. When its father held his little boy to view it, he silently laid his own face to the babe's round, fair arm, and pressed it to his lips. But that babe, though short its sojourn here, performed a high and holy mission. Mary has even felt that it was a new tie to bind her thoughts and affections to the spirit-land, and a new inducement to her to be worthy to meet her babe in heaven and so to educate her remaining children, that when their task here is over, they may be welcomed by that pure spirit as a brother. All felt that our Father would welcome this new inhabitant to heaven and tell it of its earthly friends among whom it had made so short a stay.

Extract from Mr Sargent's Discourse at the Dedication of Suffolk Street Chapel.

The signs of the religious sentiment are among the most cheering we meet with on this journey of life. For this reason, I welcome those uprising types of religion, the elevated shrine, the lofty spire, not for their loftiness, but for their suggestive influence. I welcome them as the outward signs (and who would overlook even the outward signs) of the religious spirit. Nay, who can overlook them, crowding as they do within our public squares, forced upon our view, confronting us at every turn, the greatest visible glory and boast of our cities, amid all their secular marts and magnificence. And wonderful it is, too, how all these imposing and prominent edifices have come forth, as it were, from that one little upper room in Jerusalem. Wonderful, how in that very room was nurtured the germ of every temple that now stands, how the spirit which breathed in those twelve men and their blessed master, and which was then so nearly overlaid by opposition, has burst forth and been expanded;—how it leads on the advancing lines of human improvement, marshals up all the powers of man into its service, and summons architecture and the arts to add external glory to its altars. Wonderful I say, how the cross banner goes aloft among the standards of earthly princes,—how the empires dwindle before it and are doing homage to its growing claim;—how fashion, affluence, temporal interest, pride, and policy are forced to bow before its obligations, and find security, if not a sanction, beneath its peaceful, all pervading influence:—in short, how society and our cities are graced by its fruits and guarded by its spirit.

But within some of our cities,—within this one especially, of late years, there have been other and meeker, but not less glorious manifestations of the spirit of Christ and the progress of his truth. I allude to the enterprise which erects, fosters, and fills our free chapels.

Born of those loftier temples, like the younger trees which people the forest when the tall oaks give down their acorns, these chapels are rising gradually to give their help and salvation. They lift no pinnacles for a beacon light. They have no iron tongues wherewith to join that busy 'measured chime of Sabbath bells.' The only voice they can utter, the only one they ask or would utter is the invitation of Christ, the quiet and sacred invitation of him who 'did not cry nor strive nor make his voice to be heard in the streets.'

There they are, doing their appointed work slowly but surely. Benevolence will sustain and give them God speed. As that sentiment deepens in the public mind, and as our experience enlarges, the character of these buildings will of course vary to meet the wants of the time. The architecture of one or another may be more or less extended or dignified, but humble, at best, they will always be, and humble they ought to be, for they are aiming to express the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus.

It is now about twelve years since the project was conceived of thus gathering those, who, in this city are not connected with other places of public worship. The statistics of our population at that time gave us something like 20,000 persons who had no connection with the churches then existing, and almost as many who could not be accommodated on the sittings then provided, had they all been filled. The knowledge of this fact aroused, as well it might, the sympathy and concern of those who would extend the privilege of public worship to all alike. The field of their effort was found to be one of singular interest. I need not stop to detail the discouragements which surrounded or repressed the originators of that project:—suffice it to say they put their hand perseveringly to the plough and turned not back. That ploughshare went through flints and quarries of opposition on the field of its adventure before it was made ready for planting, or prepared for the good harvest of success which has followed.

However much the earlier friends of this undertaking may have doubted then as to its feasibility or advantage, they may now see it clearly transfigured in the fruits of their perseverance. From that mount of vision they look around on the broad 'land of promise,' which this ministry is designed to cover.

They may now see the rays of their own philanthropy, under God and Christ, emanating broad cast over the valleys of life, animating its wilderness, and making the desert blossom as the rose. The issues of this enterprise in other quarters are well known. We have had reports of its beneficent results. We feel that neither its aim, its interests, or results have been overrated.

For the Register and Observer.

NORFOLK COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY.

The day in which we live, is strongly marked by a disposition to break up the foundations of many generations, and remove land-marks venerable for age, and still more on account of the wisdom of the fathers by whom they were set up. It is a day, in which men are too much inclined to distinguish themselves by sowing the seeds of discord with a broad cast, rather than seeking the blessing promised to the peacemaker. Too many minds deem it a greater honor to be the leader of a portion, than the peaceable member of a community. In the political and moral world, suspicion and evil surmising are alarming characteristics of our times. But, Mr. Editor, it is matter of joy, that our field of labor is yet left where we can work together, and the *only* emulation is to excel in charity. It is the distribution of the Sacred Scriptures to which I refer. Here sect, school, party, radical, conservative and the whole brotherhood of discordant ones can come together and work with a willing mind, each giving to the country and the world the book from which he gathers his peculiarities, as he supposes, and all givnig the *same* book, the Bible. I would bless God for this last cord to bring together the moralist, the philanthropist and religionist.

I hope NorfolkCounty will show a praise worthy example of this at the annual meeting of this Bible Society in the church of the Rev. Dr. Codman, the 4th Wednesday of April. I understand care will be taken to secure *able* and *acceptable* speakers for the occasion. Allow me to ask every Pastor and congregation to be represented on that occasion, especially through the Treasurer of the Society, the Rev. Dr Lamson of Dedham. The want of Bibles in our county is very great, and the call from other portions of the world pressing. It is confidently believed, no minister will fail to make a collection, and pay the same to the Treasurer on or before the annual meeting. H. S.

For the Register and Observer.

The following original Hymn was sung by the choir of the late Dr Follen's Society at East Lexington, at the close of the services the Sunday previous to the dedication of the 'Follen Church,' on leaving the Hall where the Society had worshipped between four and five years.

Tune, Grosh, (Songs of Zion.)

Father divine! Parent of all!
We now to Thee would raise,
From grateful hearts and lips sincere,
A cheerful song of praise;
That, from the time we first began
To worship Thee our God
Within these walls, nought has transpired
To scatter us abroad:—

But, through thy providential care
We still united be;
And by united effort, have
A temple reared to Thee,
Where we do hope, our Father, God,
To worship Thee aright;
Make it, and us, forever dear
And precious in thy sight.

And now, O God of Love, descend,
And with thy presence fill
This place, while we of it do take
A solemn, last farewell.
Farewell, these hallowed walls, farewell!
This altar, too, farewell!
And all th' arrangements of this place,
Farewell, farewell, farewell!

ONE OF THE SOCIETY.

For the Register and Observer.

It has seemed desirable that the notice of our Legislators should be turned, if it may be, to the presumptuous attempt which has been made during the past year to establish a regular race-course in the neighborhood of our city, and what is worse, under the view of our University. Without adverting to the effect of this sport, as it is called, on the noble creature who is subjected to it, and who under the name of being improved, is ruthlessly destroyed; from the well known fact that a Racer is almost always prematurely sacrificed to avarice or ambition, increasing the speed and doubling the stakes, until, in the words of another, 'his swelled and cracking veins refuse to sustain their boiling fluid;' whatever be the pretended benefit to the stock of horses, there can be none to the race of men. The higher animal, as he is by courtesy termed, is exposed to all the varieties of dangerous excitement which are elicited by this miscalled diversion. To say that because these trotting-matches take place on enclosed ground, which is private property, they are not liable to legislative interference, is surely an unwarrantable conclusion; for what other excesses might not be perpetrated on the same plea? If gaming and lotteries, if intemperance and profanity have been deemed evils demanding legislative interdict,—certainly the present project which by a compendious profligacy combines them all, is deserving a manifold prohibition. The inadequacy indeed, of all public restraints on human passions, is acknowledged and lamented; but this is no reason why they should be withdrawn, but rather that they should continue to be judiciously exercised, as far as is practicable. Because they are not competent to every thing, it does not follow but they may accomplish something. The decalogue itself, has failed to procure a complete conformity with its requisitions, but it has not, therefore been rescinded. Where Divine Law did not succeed, it is no reproach to human law if it fall short. Enough for it if enabled to say, *it has done what it could.* To the Conservators of public morals the consideration of this matter is respectfully recommended, with an earnestness proportioned to its apparent importance.

For the Register and Observer.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES. NO. I.

From a Lady in England to her young friends in Boston.

At the commencement of a new year, I trust, my young American friends, you may be reading what I am now about to write in Old England; the fulfilment of this duty has been postponed from the fear that my own feelings of disappointment and regret would so tinge my communications to you as to render them the useless pictures of my own mind rather than the source of the amusement and instruction I contemplated. Your names, with the accompanying topics which you gave me, are now before me, and I shall at present select such as I have had opportunity to make observations on personally. Little that is new, can now be said of a voyage across the Atlantic; ours was very similar to others of a most agreeable character, and the description travellers have given so frequently of Liverpool, London, and Birmingham, will answer very well for mine; I shall therefore pass on to Gloucester, where I stayed a month, and found it an interesting old city, so decidedly differing from any place in the U. S., and so infrequently visited by your country people, that perhaps you may receive impressions of a newer kind than I could give you by describing places of more general resort and interest.

The county of Gloucester is exceedingly well adapted to furnish me with means to gratify the curiosity of those of you who wished to know about Cathedrals, old ruins, villages, farm houses, and country seats. The general aspect of the country is greatly diversified. Hill, Vale, Forest, and beautiful river scenery may be seen here in all their picturesque beauty. The Thames, the most important of British rivers, has its source in this county, and the Severn forms the chord of a semicircle, the surrounding hills, the arch, and the towns of Gloucester, Tewksbury, and Cheltenham, forming a triangle within its area; this does not include the Forest district which is on the other side of the Severn, the Oaks of which were considered so valuable, and were so renowned in the days of Elizabeth, that an ambassador was sent from Spain to procure its destruction either by negotiation or treachery.

The Severn is remarkable for its tide, which flows in from the Atlantic with such force as sometimes to fill the channel of the river at once. I was a witness to this singular phenomenon, which the Gloucester people call the great Boar, more expressively, the Hygre, or Lager, probably from the French Eau-guerre or water war. After walking about a mile on the banks of the river, I heard a distant rumbling sound, which, as it came nearer, frightened the cattle, which scampered off as if from some direful enemy; in an instant, the tide came rolling on, foaming and roaring in its course, and overpowering the current, which seemed vainly to contend with it for superiority: the water had now risen several feet, but the marks showed that it had been much higher the day before. I was informed that but one other river in the world presents this spectacle. This river, from its pellucid beauty, gave the Britons, the original founders of the city, the idea of naming it, 'Caer gloyii iis, or the city of the pure stream;' its neighborhood has been the scene of much contention between the Britons and Saxons, and by these conflicts, the city was nearly ruined; but in the year six hundred seventy nine, a son of King Perdu enlarged and adorned it, so that it was esteemed one of the noblest cities in the Kingdom, and was called the bright, the fair, or splendid city; the Saxon monarchs made it their favorite residence, hence it was denominated a royal city. Canute and Edmund Ironsides fought for it; Edward the Confessor frequently kept his court here, and William the Conqueror generally spent his Christmas in Gloucester, attended by the principal nobility and ecclesiastics of his kingdom: the custom was continued by William Rufus, by whom Malcolm the third, King of Scotland, was received with great haughtiness to adjust the terms of a treaty of peace. The Gloucestrians opposed the Royal cause during the reign of Charles the first, and great was the contention between the parties. The city now presents a quiet and almost rural aspect, and the working classes of the people appear to me more rustic than any I have ever seen. Here, as every where, the work of improvement is going on, and many handsome, modern buildings have been lately erected, and a large portion of ground has been tastefully laid out near the Spa for the recreation of the inhabitants; it is but little frequented by those who have strength and taste sufficient to ascend a high hill in the vicinity, named Robin's Wood Hill, a delightful eminence of a conical form, covered on every side with almost continual verdure, and commanding a beautiful view of towns, villages, farms, gentlemen's seats, the windings of the Severn, and the new rail road, which so impertinently interferes to destroy the rural beauty of the scene; the shipping in the river, more modest, is but occasionally discovered, by some tall mast appearing between or above the trees: as the bright foliage and waving corn conceal the coarser parts of the prospect, these cannot be considered a defect.

S. M.

SAYINGS OF GOETHE.

'The world has always regarded me as a peculiar favorite of fortune, nor will I complain of my existence taken as a whole; yet, in truth it has been little else than uneasiness and labor; and I may say, that in my five-and-seventy-years, I have not enjoyed four weeks of peace and comfort—it was the eternal rolling of the stone. The claims upon my time and capabilities, from within and from without, were too many. My only happiness lay in my poetical talents; yet even in this, how have I been through outward things disturbed, limited, and hindered. Had I kept myself more apart from public business, and could I have lived more in solitude, I had been happier as a man, and as a poet I had effected much more. Thus, after the publication of my Gotz and my Werther, a certain sensible friend said to me in warning, 'When a man has once done something to delight the world, the world will thenceforward take care that he shall not do it a second time.' A wide spread name, a high position in society, are doubtless good things, but with all my reputation and rank, I could not often do more nor better than give way to the opinions of others; and this were in truth, but a sorry jest, if I had not therewith so far the advantage, that I learned how others thought; aber sie nidst wie ich.'

How solemn sounds all this from the lips of a man, who in years, in fame, in wisdom, in prosperity, exceeded so far his fellow men! What a lesson does it teach!

Goethe says, 'that he would not himself, give up for aught in the world, the belief in futurity; and he thinks with Lorenzo de Medici, that he who lives not in the hope of a future life, may be counted as already dead; but he exclaims, against treating with vulgar and audacious familiarity, the divine, the incomprehensible truths, which prophets and apostles touched upon with awe; and I think with him.'

'When a man has lived seventy-five years, he must needs think sometimes upon death. This thought brings me perfect peace, for I have the fixed conviction that the spirit is immortal, and has a never-ceasing progression from eternity to eternity; it is like the sun, which only seems to set to our earthly eyes, but which in reality never does set, and never ceases to shine.'

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 28, 1840.

BOOKS FOR THE WEST.

The following letter, accompanying some very valuable books, was recently received by the General Secretary of the A. U. A.

Boston, Feb. 21, 1840.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—Most of the books forwarded by the bearer, are presented to you for circulation, at the West, by the relict of the late lamented ——, she feels, that by such a disposition of these volumes, she may be doing good to others, far distant, whose means of acquiring information are yet limited, and whose views of God and of duty need to be enlightened and enlarged; while she is confident, besides, that she is acting in accordance with the extensive sympathies and the constant wish of her late husband to spread the truths of liberal Christianity far and wide, and bring home, as far as he was able, to every heart, the purity, happiness and peace which it is capable of imparting.

I add to her collection a few bundles of tracts and some books which I am pleased to be able to place in your hands for distribution—may the whole be scattered, and like good seeds may they find root in good soil, spring up, and bring forth abundantly.

Yours, respectfully. ——

CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY AT HUBBARDSTON.

We understand the first Congregational Society in Hubbardston have unanimously invited Mr Claudius Bradford, to settle with them as their pastor; and he has accepted the invitation. His ordination is to take place, Wednesday, April 15.

CHURCHES IN THE WEST.

The following sums have been received by the General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, to aid in building churches at Hillsboro', Quincy, Illinois, &c.

From Mr Eldad Stebbins, of Hatfield,	5 00
From a young lady deceased, found laid by for charitable purposes,	5 00
From Mrs Walker, of Rev. Mr Stebbin's Society, in Leominster,	4 00
From J. C. of Cambridge,	1 00
From two ladies in the Rev. Dr Noyes's Society, Petersham,	4 50
From a young lady of the same Society,	4 00
From 'a friend of the cause' in this city,	10 00
From the 'Ladies Charitable Society' in Rev. Mr Lincoln's parish, Fitchburg,	25 00
From individuals of the same parish, by Rev. Mr Lincoln,	30 00

For the Register and Observer.

CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

Mr Editor,—I was very much pleased to see an article with the above caption, in your last paper, though I do not entirely agree with you; but truth courts discussion, and error cannot be corrected until expressed. The friends of Peace do not expect to convert all the world to their principles without much opposition and discussion. It never was the case with any reformation, from that commenced by Luther unto the present day; and good men have fought earnestly against moral reforms, and resisted them in their progress step by step.

It is thus with the cause of peace. Many good men are yet in favor of war, and think with you, 'that long and dreadful wars have been the instruments of advancing our race,' and that war civilizes mankind. Such men approve of the crusades and other religious wars, of the French revolution, though they do not exactly inform us *how* the warlike Goths and Vandals civilized the Roman empire, nor explain the phenomenon, that, though the North American Indians have always been engaged in war, it has failed to civilize them.

I agree with you, that not one war in a hundred has any just cause for it—that kings and emperors have made war from a love of military glory or to revenge some private pique—that even in later times, Napoleon bewitched all France and half of Europe with the love of military glory, and of course, if your principles are correct, has been the greatest benefactor of his species, and has more than any other man, except perhaps, Alexander and Ghenghis Khan, 'developed the energies and resources of man.' But is this to be always the case? Because man has been a barbarian and a savage is he always to continue to be so? Because wars for religious opinions have once existed, are they always to exist? Because good men have engaged in the slave-trade is that inhuman traffic always to continue? Is man doomed by a fatal necessity forever to seek improvement by the arts of destruction and 'storms and earthquakes?' Is it true that 'every step of man's progress is wet with blood,' as you affirm? Where is the blood which wets our common and Sunday schools, and colleges, and academies, and the astonishing improvements which have been made in physical and moral science, and the march of benevolence, all which have advanced more in one quarter of a century since the cessation of war, than they did in the five previous centuries of war and blood-shed. Has war civilized Spain and Portugal, the only countries of Europe which have continued the struggle? Where are their railroads, schools, and asylums for the unfortunate? Shall the time never come which God has promised when the nations shall learn war no more? and is 'every step of man's progress (towards that improvement to be) wet with blood?'

You, yourself allow that the time may not be 'far distant' when wars will cease. Alas! what will men do for moral improvement then? But will the time ever come when the constant intercourse of nations and the selfishness of man will cease to cause disputes and dissentions—when there will be no boundary questions to settle—no question of indemnity of real or supposed wrongs—no discovery or colonization of barbarous countries—no question as to the free navigation of straits and rivers, and no good to be done by mutual consultation among the rulers or nations of the world? We may as well suppose, with the non-resistants, that the time will come when there will be no need of human governments. Extremes meet.

The glory of the warrior, which you seem so highly to appreciate, is foreign from the subject of a Congress of nations, unless, indeed, man is to prefer the glory of the few to the happiness of the many. Give all the glory you please to the blood-stained conqueror, that has nothing to do with the subject under discussion. But to your extract from the Examiner.

Your friend gives up his cause in the first paragraph of your extract. He says of the present system of international arbitration, that 'it only requires some *few and simple regulations* to render it of general utility.' Now all we want of a congress of nations is to make those 'few and simple regulations,' and I want to know how it is to be done without such a congress. Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson, by order of the congress of 1784, tried to do this and to settle some points of international law, without a congress of nations, and they failed, for these 'few and simple regulations' can only be settled in such an assembly.

But the definite objection to a congress of nations advanced by your author is, that it would be inefficient for the object for which it was designed. It is very evident that your author has not read much on the subject of a congress of nations, except Mr Legare's report, of which his article is the bare echo—or rather, re-echo, for I believe the same, in substance, from the same gentleman, has already been laid before the public in half a dozen different ways. It is a *court* of nations and not a *congress* of nations which is to judge international disputes. The congress of nations is a meeting of ambassadors from the powers of Christendom, to make those 'few and simple regulations,' which your author thinks so necessary. The court of nations is to judge those cases only which may be brought before it by the mutual consent of two or more contending nations—like the north east boundary question, and the payment for runaway slaves, which have been referred by the United States and Great Britian to single empires—or the demand of France on Mexico, which she said she would be willing to refer, *if there were any competent tribunal* to try the case, and for want of which tribunal she went to war, at an expense vastly exceeding the sum demanded, and to the great injury of the whole commercial world. Your author's objection, then, is, that a court (not a congress) of nations has no physical force to enforce its decrees. This objection is equally valid against any arbitration or mediation whatever, except when the mediator means to enforce his decision by the sword.

Your author again gives up the point in question, for he says 'A congress of sovereigns and plenipotentiaries would command respect, even if it were certain that their decision would not be enforced by arms.' Now what is our congress of nations, but a congress of sovereigns represented by their plenipotentiaries, whose doings are afterwards to be revised and ratified or rejected by the governments, of the nations represented? or our court of nations, but a body of delegates from these very governments selected from among their ablest judicial characters?

The next objection which your author brings against the proposed tribunal is, that if it 'were for any length of time submitted to, it would soon acquire physical power. If it were a court of private individuals at first, it would be a very different body at the end of ten years.' With some men there is always 'a lion in the way' of any improvement in the condition of man. First, there is too little force. Then there is too much, and this too much force is to be acquired by a sense of justice, for the object or asks, 'Would not all the better feelings of humanity prompt the nations to carry that decision into effect by the point of the sword?' This does not look like want of power in the court, but if this power were invested in all the better feelings of humanity, moral power alone would suffice to carry any just decree of the court into effect without the intervention of arms. If this objection be worth any thing, it weighs as much (or even more) against the arbitration of an independent monarch as it would against a bench of civilians.

Again, your author says, '*If* the tribunal had acquired the right of forcibly suppressing wars.' &c. It is clear that he has never looked at the plan proposed by the American Peace Society. Indeed the whole extract, from beginning to end, consists in the author's setting up men of straw for him to knock down, which he has done most manfully, while he has left the main subject untouched. He talks of a board of jurists fo-

menting civil wars! and then he quotes poetry to show the bad effect of what it is not in their power to do, if they had the will.

I wish that those gentlemen, who undertake to answer a matter before they hear it, would just take the trouble to read what has been presented to the public in the five prize essays on a congress of nations, and if they do not find time to read the whole of those essays, that they would at least, read the sixth and concluding essay, which alone contains the American Peace Society's views on the subject. They may find those works at the bookstore of Whipple and Damrell, No. 9 Cornhill, Boston; the whole volume at $3,00 and the separate essay at 75 cents. If your author would have the kindness to read the essay, he would perceive that he has entirely misconceived the views of the American Peace Society. W. L.

Portsmouth, N. H. March, 22, 1840.

For the Register and Observer.

LINES

Written in a copy of Rev. Mr Furness' Book of Family Prayers.

When trials and sorrows are filling the breast,
When the spirit is sad, and the heart is oppressed,
When the future of Life is enveloped in gloom,
Like the shadow of Death which encircles the tomb,
Then turn to this volume, this finger of love,
Which points to the Source of all comfort above.

When blessings surround you, when kind friends are near,
When you are encircled by all you hold dear,
When the past has sped by, like a beautiful dream,
And the future is brightened by Hope's sunny beam,
Then turn to this volume, this finger of love,
Which points to the Source of all blessings above.

Philadelphia, March 10. P.

For the Register and Observer.

PARABLES FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

The little Sheep.

It was a still, bright summer evening. A mother was sitting in the chamber beside the cradle of her innocent babe, and singing it to sleep.

The little Adelaide came running in with beaming eyes from the garden. 'O, dear Mother,' she cried, 'come, there is something very beautiful out doors!'

'What is it?' asked her mother.

'O something very beautiful!' said the little girl again, 'but you must come and see!'

'That I would do willingly,' answered her mother, 'but see, little brother must go to sleep. But the child rejoined beseechingly; 'Dear mother, take little brother out too, so that he may see it and be delighted.'

Then the mother thought in her heart of that childish simplicity, which is not willing to enjoy the good alone by itself, but loves to share all its delights with others. 'O,' said she to herself, 'thy soul is new to heaven; how can I deny thee!'

The mother rose and looked into the cradle. The infant was sleeping quietly and sound. Then she took the hand of the hopping maiden, and said; 'Now I wonder, what you will show me that is so beautiful.'

When they had gone out into the garden, the girl raised her tiny hands, and cried; 'Now only see, Mamma, the little sheep in heaven! A whole flock! How dear and pretty they are!'

It was only some thin clouds, shaped like lambs that walk on green pastures, white and fleecy, and they shone in the gleam of the bright full moon.

And the mother raised her face, and looked at the clouds with pensive delight. For she thought of that childish innocence, which clothes the earthly with heavenly beauty, and considers not the abyss which separates earth from heaven.

Thus Adelaide in the clouds of the sky saw lambs of earth.

'God bless thee!' said her mother, and pressed the child to her breast.

David's Harp.

David, the king of Israel, was one day sitting on the Mount of Zion; his harp stood before him, and he leaned his head on his harp.

And the prophet Gad came to him and said; 'On what art thou musing, O king!'

David answered and said; 'On my ever changing destiny. How many anthems of thanksgiving and joy, and yet how many songs of lamentation and complaint have I sung to this harp!'

'Be thou like the harp!' said the prophet.

'What meanest thou?' asked the king.

'Behold,' answered the man of God, 'thy sorrow as thy joy hath drawn forth from thy harp heavenly tones, and animated its chords, so let sorrow and joy make thy heart and life a heavenly harp.'

And David arose and swept the strings.

J.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

GARDNER GREEN, ESQ.

Died Jan. 10th, on board the ship United states, bound to New Orleans, and distant about six days sail from the Balize, mouth of the Mississippi, Gardner Green, Esq., of Topsham, Me., 53.

Of nine vessels, reported to have sailed from Bath, on the Saturday preceding the great December gale, which occasioned such destruction of life and property upon the New England coast, this is said to have been the only one, that escaped a wreck; and fears were for a long time entertained that the ship had foundered, and that all on board had perished. She was however safe; and our friend was preserved from the perils of the waves and tempest, in order, as it would seem, that he might obtain a more peaceful exit, upon the waters of the Mexican Gulf. He undertook the voyage for the benefit of his health. He had hoped that the influence of a warmer climate would be sufficient to restore it. But providence had otherwise ordained. During the greater part of the voyage, he flattered himself with the idea, that his health was decidedly improving and that he was realizing the benefit which he had anticipated from it. He endured much less suffering, and seemed to be constantly gaining strength. But the insidious disease, notwithstanding these appearances, was all the time wasting his energies, and hastening the period of his dissolution. On the morning of the sixth, he found that his strength was rapidly failing him, and perceived that his end was approaching. He manifested however no surprise, and uttered no expression of disappointment or regret. Mrs G. had accompanied him on his passage and was now by his side. Observing her in tears, and rightly divining the cause, he said to her, while a placid smile lighted up his features; 'My dear, you *must not mourn for me. My loss is gain.* It has long been my prayer to God, that my iniquities might be pardoned, and that I might be prepared for death; and I trust that he has heard my prayer, and granted my request. God has seen fit to take me from the cares and troubles of this life, and I feel perfectly resigned to his divine will.'

In the same happy state of mind he continued till the last, conversing freely about his death, and the arrangement of his affairs, till the summons came for him to depart; then quietly fell asleep.

Thus died one who was honored and esteemed amongst us. Thus was witnessed the triumph of Christian faith over the terrors of death.

Who will not respond to the prayer, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!'

The remains of Mr Green were returned home by packet and buried in Topsham. A. D. W.

MRS MARY CUTTS.

In Hartland, on the 11th inst., at the residence of her son, Mrs Mary Cutts, relict of Edward Cutts, Esq., late of Portsmouth, N. H., aged 73.

By those who were acquainted with Mrs Cutts before her mental faculties beeame impaired, she was regarded as a very superior woman. To a strong and highly cultivated mind, she added that uniform blandness, and strict propriety of manner, which seemed to be the spontaneous expression of benevolent feelings and a truly Christian spirit. Among other early advantages, she enjoyed the friendship and intimate acquaintance of many who have been among the most distinguished for worth and talents in the United States, and her mind doubtless received many valuable impressions in their society. She was remarkable for her religious elevation of sentiment, for equanimity and fortitude in suffering, and calm resignation to the afflictions of Providence.—[*Comm.*

DOMESTIC.

Amendment to the Constitution.—The substance of the proposed amendments to the constitution of this State is as follows.

The apportionment of Senators and Representatives is to be determined once in ten years, by a census previously taken.

The Senatorial Districts are to remain as they are, the number of Senators forty. Once in ten years, beginning with 1840, the Governor and Council shall determine the number of Senators to be chosen in each District, but always giving one at least, to each District.

'The members of the House of Representatives shall be apportioned in the following manner: Every town or city containing twelve hundred inhabitants, may elect one Representative; and two thousand four hundred inhabitants shall be the mean increasing number which shall entitle it to an additional Representative.

Every Town containing less than twelve hundred inhabitants, shall be entitled to elect a Representative as many times within ten years, as the number of one hundred and sixty is contained in the number of inhabitants of said Town.

Such Towns may also elect one Representative for the year in which the valuation of estates within the Commonwealth, shall be settled.

Any two or more of the several Towns may, by consent of a majority of the legal voters present at a legal meeting, in each of said towns respectively, called for that purpose, and held before the first day of August, in the year thereafter, form themselves into a Representative District, to continue for the term of ten years; and such Districts shall have the rights, in regard to Representation, which would belong to a Town containing the same number of inhabitants.

The number of inhabitants which shall entitle a Town to elect one Representative, and the mean increasing number which shall entitle a Town or City to elect more than one, and also the number by which the population of Towns, not entitled to a Representative every year, is to be divided shall be increased respectively, by one-tenth of the numbers above mentioned, whenever the population of the commonwealth shall have increased to seven hundred and seventy thousand, and for every additional increase of seventy thousand inhabitants, the same addition of one-tenth shall be made respectively to the said numbers above mentioned.

In the year of each decennial census the Governor and Council shall, before the first of September, apportion the number of Representatives, which each City, Town, and Representative District is entitled to elect, and ascertain how many years, within ten years, any town may elect a Representative, which is not entitled to elect one every year; and the Governor shall cause the same to be published forthwith.

Nine counsellors shall be chosen annually from the people at large, (only four from a senatorial District,) by the assembled Senators and Representatives.

No possession of a freehold or of any other estate shall be required as a qualification for holding a seat in either branch of the General Court, or in the Executive Council.

By resolves of the Legislature during the past session the first Monday in April now approaching is to be the day on which the inhabitants of our Cities and Towns are to signify by ballot their approval or disapproval of the proposed amendment.

Rhode Island and Mass. Boundary Question.—A letter from Washington of March 9th states as follows.

The Supreme Court gave an opinion in the case of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The Chief Justice Taney, Thomson, Baldwin and Wayne over-ruled the plea filed by Massachusetts, and ordered Massachusetts to file an answer by the first day of next term. McLean, Barbour and Catron dissented and thought the plea was a complete bar to the bill. The Chief Justice, in giving the opinion of the Court, studiously avoided expressing any opinion of the merits of the case, as he said the facts might yet be denied on the one side or the other.

As the case now stands, Massachusetts will not be prejudiced at all in her defence, but will, by filing an answer, have the benefit of every thing in the defence, which she may think will avail her aught.

United States and China.—By a recent article in one of the leading English newspapers, we learn that the movements in Congress respecting China were construed in England as indicating a disposition, on the part of the American Government 'to join heart and hand' with the British Government and endeavor to obtain commercial treaties from the authorities in China. Mr Cushing of Massachusetts has brought the subject before Congress, for the purpose of obtaining the statement of the views of the executive, and if possible a decided disavowal of any disposition for such cooperation.

In referring to the subject, Mr C. makes the following very appropriate remarks.

So far as regards myself, I wish to say that this is a great misconception, if it be not a wilful perversion, of what is contemplated here. I have, it is true, thought that the present contingency,—when the Americans at Canton, and they almost or quite alone, have manifested a proper respect for the laws and public rights of the Chinese empire, in honorable contrast with the outrageous misconduct of the English there,—and when the Chinese Government, grateful for the upright deportment of the Americans, has manifested the best possible feeling towards them,—I have thought that these circumstances afforded a favorable opportunity to endeavor to put the American trade with China on a just and stable footing for the future. But, God forbid that I should entertain the idea of co-operating with the British Government in the purpose—if purposes it have—of upholding the base cupidity and violence, and high-handed infraction of all law, human and divine, which have characterized the operations of the British, individually and collectively, in the seas of China. I disavow all sympathy with those operations. I denounce them most emphatically. And, though it is not competent for me to speak now of what has been done or is intended in the Committee on Foreign Affairs relative to this, yet thus much I say, that, in that committee, and among all its members, I am confident there is but one spirit,—and that is, to guard the interests and to maintain the honor of the United States.

It is due to the Executive, also, that I should say that I have no reason to believe or suspect that the President or his Cabinet entertains any but the most proper views on this subject.

Mr Pickens, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, having distinctly avowed for himself similar sentiments to those of Mr Cushing, on this subject, and his belief, that they were also the sentiments of the Executive, Mr Cushing said;

'I trust the idea will no longer be entertained in England, if she choose to persevere in the attempt to coerce the Chinese by force of arms to submit to be poisoned with opium in whole provinces, that she is to receive aid or countenance from the United States in that nefarious enterprise.

England and China.—In immediate connexion with the above article it is not inappropriate to give the following outline of a treaty presented by the London East India and China Association to Lord Palmerston, as the basis of that which they wish him to make with the Chinese.

'That a commercial treaty be obtained permitting—1st, admission, not only at Canton, but at other ports to the northward, near the silk and tea districts; 2d, trade with the natives generally, but if limited to the Hongs, the Chinese Government to guarantee their solvency; 3d, that the British subjects in China shall not be treated by the Government as inferiors, but left free to possess warehouses, have their families with them, and be protected from insult by the Chinese laws; 4th, that a tariff of duties be fixed on by both Governments; 5th, that the Queen's representative, as superintendent of trade, be allowed direct communication with the Emperor, his Minister, and the local authorities, and also to reside at Pekin, or a given port; 6th, that in case of an infraction of Chinese law, each British subject shall only be responsible for his own acts; and that the innocent shall not be confounded with the guilty; 7th, that in case of a refusal by the Chinese to open their ports generally, the grant of an island be obtained (by purchase or otherwise) for the establishment of a British factory.

A London letter of Feb. 21 says:

The profit on opium smuggling is so great that the trade must go on at all risks. According to the Singapore Free Press—'Opium now is in greater demand than ever, both at Hong-Kong and on the coast particularly Malwa.

Another letter shows how very reasonable are the Chinese Commissioner's suspicions that the opium-trade is still carried on with the sanction of the British Superintendent.

'The opium trade, as was anticipated, is conducted along the coast, and among the islands, by small armed vessels; and their arrival and departing from here (Hong Kong) every day, leading the Mandarins to believe the business is sanctioned by the only authorities recognized, fully warrant any forcible measures.

Massachusetts Stocks.—The accounts by the Great Western show, that in the midst of the panic and distrust in the London market, and, through the whole of it, the credit of good old Massachusetts stood as firm as the foundations of her everlasting hills, while that of most of the other States was shaken.

Massachusetts stock bearing but 5 per cent interest, was *twenty per cent* higher than that of Virginia, bearing 6 per cent., and 12 1-2 per cent, higher than *any other* American stock!

Steam Communication with Marseilles.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce writes from Marseilles, under date of February 11th: 'After a proposition made by our Chamber of Commerce, a meeting was held here, a few days ago, to set up a line of steamboats between here and the United States. Already our merchants have subscribed for 400 shares. The Government gives 2,000,000 francs towards it. There are to be ten boats.

Fire.—The dwelling-house, with all its contents, of Mr Zenas Thayer in North Brigewater, was entirely destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning, about 2 o'clock, the inmates having barely time to escape with their night clothes.

A PROCLAMATION FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC FASTING, HUMILIATION AND PRAYER.

The revolving year has once more brought the period, when the Commonwealth has ever been wont to make a solemn public acknowledgment of its dependence on the providence of GOD. The seasons, as they return, demonstrate His benevolence and His power. The eye perceives, with the light of day, the proofs of His existence. In Him our fathers put their trust, and he bid them, in the secret of his presence, from the pride of man. From His guardian care, came the just counsels and the good works, which, by his favor, have secured to us an inheritance of freedom. But, above all, he has given to man, the clearest proofs of his love and the fulness of his blessing, by the glorious revelation of himself, through Jesus Christ, his son, our blessed Saviour:

AND whereas every beneficent institution, which we enjoy, is not the fruit of the unaided wisdom of man, but the unmerited gift of our Almighty and merciful Father: and whereas no Nation has ever forgotten GOD, without, at the same time, forfeiting its freedom and all that was most valuable in its national character. I have, therefore, thought proper to appoint, and do, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, hereby appoint, THURSDAY, the SECOND DAY of APRIL next, to be observed as a day of Public Humiliation Fasting and Prayer; and I do invite the whole people of this Commonwealth, on that day to assemble in their usual places of public worship, and, collectively and individually, to reflect, with humble contrition, on the imperfection of their services; to acknowledge, with devout gratitude, the never-ending mercies of our Heavenly Father; and to deplore as his footstool our own unworthiness and sinfulness. And I do further exhort them to pray that, by the aid of Divine Grace, continual progress may be made in intelligence and piety, and this people be indeed a people whose GOD is the Lord; that Divine Wisdom would gloriously inspire such councils as may advance the cause of knowledge and righteousness, of meekness and charity, and fill this Commonwealth with His truth; that He would hasten the time when the principles of justice shall pervade the legislation of the world; when oppression shall cease, and the rumors of war be heard no more; that He would, in due time, give a plentiful harvest to the sower, and prosper the various labors of the husbandman, in the field and in the fold; that He would graciously protect the mariner amidst the dangers of the sea, and in the time of storms would show mercy to the shipwrecked; that he would chasten the eager passions which would make us haste to grow rich, and would diffuse among us the love of contented and useful employment; that He never would suffer peaceful labor to go without its reward, or honest industry to need the comforts of life; and that He would mercifully bestow upon us all, such temporal prosperity and happiness, as He, in His wisdom, may deem meet for us, and at last, a share in the blessings of that everlasting inheritance, wherein dwelleth righteousness and joy, purity and love.

And the people of the Commonwealth are requested to abstain from all secular concerns inconsistent with the due observance of the day.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this third day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty, and in the sixty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States.

MARCUS MORTON.

By His Excellency the Governor,
with the advice and consent of the Council.
JOHN P. BIGELOW,
Secretary of the State.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

FOREIGN.

By the British Queen, English papers of Feb. 29th have been read at New York. The views and plans of government respecting the difficulties in China had not yet been make public.

Lord Palmerston said, in answer to a question, that the affairs of Turkey and Egypt were still under negociation, and he could not say when they were likely to be settled.

In the Commons, notice was given of a motion to abolish the punishment of death for all offences except murder.

Ministers in the Commons, were in a minority on the 27th Feb. on the vote for a pension to Sir John Newport, of 240 to 212.

On the 25th of February, the members of the Religious Society of Friends presented the following Address to the Queen:—

May it please the Queen:

As a Christian and loyal body, permit us, on the important and deeply interesting occasion of thy marriage, to convey to thee the renewed assurance of our cordial attachment to thy person and government.

The institution of marriage we have ever regarded as a Divine ordinance, and it is our prayer to God that His blessing may richly crown thy union, and render it conducive alike to thy own happiness and the welfare of thy people.

It is with heartfelt satisfaction that we anticipate thy future happiness in this union, and earnest are our desires for thee and for thy consort, that, walking in the fear of the Lord, your example may be so ordered in all things by that wisdom which is from above, as powerfully to promote the cause of true religion and virtue throughout the land.

The real prosperity of our beloved country is an object dear to our hearts, and under this feeling we would express our belief that in proportion as pure practical Christianity is permitted to sway thy counsels, and is promoted among thy subjects will the prosperity be most effectually advanced, social order maintained, and thy throne established in the affections of thy people.

May He, by whom kings reign and princes decree justice, bless thee, O Queen, and increasingly make thee a blessing to thy own and to surrounding nations, and mayst thou at the end of thy days, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Savior, be received into everlasting glory.'

To which address the Queen returned the following answer:—

'I earnestly join in your prayers for the welfare of my people, and acknowledge with thanks your interest for my own happiness, which is inseparably connected with the subject of your congratulations.

I feel with you that the prosperity of nations is most effectually secured by observing the precepts, and cherishing the benevolent spirit of the Christian religion.'

France.—The French ministers had resigned in a body, in consequence of the Chamber of Deputies having refused to vote an allowance for the Duke de Nemours, in anticipation of his expected marriage with a German princess.

In consequence of the vote of the Chamber rejecting the Duc de Nemours' dotation, the Duc d' Aumale, younger brother of the Duc de Nemours, and heir of the fortune of the Condes, begged of the king to give twelve millions of francs of his fortune to his brother Nemours. But this was not accepted. It is certain that a courier was sent to the Prince of Saxe Coburg, allowing him to withdraw the promise of marriage if he pleased, but an income would no doubt be forthcoming for the Duc de Nemours; and the marriage, it is thought, will take place.

The latest advices from Algiers were, that all was tranquil, although the Arabs were preparing to renew their incursions.

Spain.—Cabrera is still alive and the domestic war will probably be still carried on, as far as the Carlists have ability.

Portugal.—Is the religion of that country in any degree responsible for the deplorable state of society, depicted in the following paragraph from a foreign paper?

The condition of society in Portugal particularly in the large city of Lisbon, must be dreadful indeed. From an official return published in the *Diario*, it appears that during the months of April, May and June, of 1839, 2778 crimes were known to have been committed in Lisbon, of which 333 were assassinations! During the three following months, there were 170 assassinations!

Ireland.—This miserable country is in some parts still in a distracted state. There are now in the county jail of Tipperary 498 prisoners, of whom over seventy are charged with murder.

The district of Borrisakan is particularly disturbed.

Outrages of the most atrocious kind characterise this disturbance; such as assaults in the dwelling houses with intent to do bodily harm, female abduction, riotous assemblages to resist the landlord's rights—and murder.

Turkey in Egypt.—The reports from Alexandria still are that Mehemet Ali will not abate one jot of his pretensions and sets the five powers at defiance. On the other hand they are resolved, it is said, to drive him out of Syria and Arabia.

Cotton Trade of India.—In recent British papers there is an article on the Cotton Trade of India designed to show that England need not depend on America for her Cotton. It is stated that a large portion of the soil of India was suited to the growth of the native India Cotton plant; and that though the richest portion of the soil was unfit for the growth of the American plant, yet that experiments had been made which proved that it would thrive well on the sea board. In some remarks on the fineness of the fibre of the India plant, this remarkable fact is stated that the natives of India will spin thread with the hand so fine, that it would require *four* of the threads to make one of the finest of the thread spun by machinery at Manchester.

We quote the following statement respecting the product of India.

At a late meeting of the Asiatic Society, a paper was read by General Briggs, 'On the Cotton Trade of India.' One of the principal objects of this paper was to show that the people of Hindostan are as capable of furnishing Europe with Cotton as the inhabitants of North America; and that, under proper arrangements, both the quantity and quality of their produce would fully suffice for all requirements of our manufacturers, without the necessity of our relying on the slave labor Cotton of America. The paper began with a calculation of the quantity of Cotton actually used in dress by the natives of India. Specimens of the several articles of costume were exhibited; and it was shown that the dress of the male Hindo contained 24 1-2 square yards, and that of the female about 8 1-2 square yards, which, allowing that they were renewed on an average, at least once a year, the consumption would amount, among the whole population, to 374,000,000 pounds; and it might be fairly inferred, from the various other domestic uses to which Cotton was applied in India, that as much again was so employed, making a total annual consumption by the natives themselves of 750,000,000 pounds.—The quantity imported into England is from 4 to 500,000,000 pounds annually; and this is chiefly raised in America, not more than one tenth coming from India. The question naturally arises why should this be? The causes of the supply from India, Gen. Briggs stated, were closely connected with the administration of the country; but would proceed to demonstrate his position, that India might supply Cotton sufficient for the manufactures of England, and, if necessary, for the whole world.

From Montevideo.—General Rivera is President the Oriental Republic, of which Montevideo is the capitol. This capitol has been for sometime besieged by Gen. Echague, a Governor of Entre Rios, a province of Buenos Ayres. An important and decisive battle has taken place, and has resulted in the defeat of Echague.

The following is from a letter from Montevideo, of Jan. 11, 1840.

'Since our respects of the 14th ult. a very important change has taken place in the state of the country. The battle so long looked for has taken place, and has resulted in the defeat and dispersion of the invading army. Gen. Rivera has pursued them beyond the Rio Negro, and it is supposed they will not be able to make a stand against him. The consequences of this victory, we think, will be soon felt in the city, by causing a demand for goods of every description for the interior. The French Admiral (Dupotet) has arrived, bringing with him an additional force of one frigate, one corvette, and six brigs of war; but we fear unless Gen. Lavalle should be successful in his operations in Entre Rios, that he will not be able to effect much, as it is absolutely necessary, in case of an attack upon Buenos Ayres, that a land force should be prepared to act in concert. We cannot but think that the blockade will continue in force some months longer.'

NOTICE.

The Norfolk County Bible Society will hold its Annual Meeting on Wednesday, April 22d at 2 P. M., in the second Church in Dorchester. The members and friends of the Society are invited to attend.

E. BURGESS, *Secretary.*

BOOKS FOR THE WEST.

Books for Parish and Sunday School Libraries at Hillsboro', Quincy, Chicago, Ill., Burlington, Iowa Territory, and other places in the West, may be left at the Office of the Gen. Secr'y of the American Unitarian Association, 134 Washington Street, and they will be immediately forwarded.

CHURCHES IN THE WEST.

All persons disposed to aid in the establishment of religious institutions in the West, and particularly in the erection of churches at Chicago, Quincy, and Hillsboro', Ill., are requested to leave funds with the General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, 134 Washington Street; who is in correspondence with the societies in those places, and will forward to them whatever may be contributed.

As 500 dollars to each of those societies would enable them to build suitable houses of worship, and make them permanent societies, it is earnestly desired that individuals in Boston, and other parts of New England, will feel a deep sympathy for their less favored brethren of the West, (who are struggling hard to provide for themselves and their children the blessings of religion which are enjoyed here) and be ready to help them in this their time of need.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Robbins, Mr Henry A. Snow to Miss Sarah Augusta, daughter of the late Nathaniel Keith, Esq. of this city.

In this city, on the 15th inst. by Rev. Mr Gray, Mr Elisha Gilman Woodward, to Miss Melinda H. Smith, of Thomaston, Me.

In this city, Mr Ashael Stone to Miss Eleanor Abbot.

By Rev. Mr Worcester, Mr E. A. Beaman, of this city, to Miss Lusanna Keen, of East Bridgewater.

At Salem, Mr James Caldwell, of Charlestown, to Miss Hannah S. Deland, of S.

At New York. 18th inst, by Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D. Mr James Coddington to Miss Susan D. daughter of the late John Roulstone.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Saturday March 21st, Charles, infant son of Geo. L. and Charlotte Robbins.

In this city, on Friday evening, Mrs Charlotte Haley, wife of Mr Wm. S. Hinckley, aged 35.

In this city, Miss Ann D. Newman, 24, daughter of Mark Newman Esq. of Andover.

At Boxford, Mrs Elizabeth Perley, wife of Jesse P. 88.

In Hingham, on Saturday morning last Mrs Lucinda A. Lincoln, widow of the late Capt. John B. Lincoln, aged 55.

In Cohasset, on Sunday last, Mr William Pratt, aged about 24.

In Providence, 19th inst. Alexander Jones, Esq. 76.

In Dumfries, Jan. 14th Rev. Dr. Alexander M'Donell, Bishop of Kingston, U. C., 80.

In Mendon, Miss Mary M. H. Hayward, aged 17, eldest daughter of the late Caleb Hayward, Esq.

In Duxbury, 11th inst. Mr Wait Wadsworth, aged 85.

At Exeter, N. H. Miss Martha Rogers, aged 79.—She was a daughter of the late Rev. Daniel Rogers, of Exeter, who was the son of Rev. John Rogers, of Ipswich, Mass. who was the son of President John Rogers, of Harvard University, a preacher of the gospel, who was the son of Nathaniel Rogers, of Ipswich, who was the son of Rev. John Rogers of Dedham, England, who was grandson of Rev. John Rogers, the martyr, who was burnt at Smithfield, England, 5th Feb. 1555.—nearly three centuries age.

NEW BOOKS. — The Husband Hunter, or 'Das Schisal,' by Denis Ignatius Moriarty. Esq. author of the 'Wife Hunter.' 2 vols

Every Day Life in London, by James Grant, author of the Great Metropolis, &c. 2 vols

The Sentiment of Flowers, or Language of Flora—colored plates

The Tower of London, a historical romance, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, part first

Pilgrimage to Jerusalem and Mount Sinai, by Baron Geramb. 2 vols

A Word to Women, and other Gatherings, by Caroline Fry

Marian; or a Young Maid's Fortunes, by Mrs S. C. Hall. 2 vols

Also, fresh supplies of

Roget's Outlines of Physiology and Phrenology—8vo
Dunglison's New Remedies—8vo
Cuvier's Animal Kingdom—4 vols
Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History—3 vols
James's Book of the Passions—illustrated
Moore's Lalla Rookh—illustrated—8vo
&c &c &c &c

This day received by
CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN,
m28 112 Washington st.

A LETTER TO THE HON. DANIEL WEBSTER —On the causes of destruction of the Steamer Lexington, as discovered in the testimony before the coroner's Jury in New York, by a Traveller. This day published by
C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN,
m28 112, Washington street.

AUDUBON'S BIRDS OF AMERICA.—One copy of this great work, nearly new and perfectly uninjured. For sale at a reduced price.
C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN,
m21 112, Washington street.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.—The Subscriber would inform his friends, that he is making exertions to collect a large variety of Books for Sunday School Libraries, most of which will be entirely new, and of the very best character.

Those at a distance are invited to send their orders, and all books found to be unsuitable to their wants will be received back. BENJ. H. GREENE 124 Washington street. m. 28.

TRACT 152 BY DR. CHANNING.—Christian views of Human Suffering by W. E. Channing D D. being Tract 152. Just Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Agents of the American Unitarian Association. 134 Washington street. m. 28.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.—A Review of the late Temperance Movements in Massachusetts, by Leonard Withington, Pastor of the first church in Newbury, Massachusetts.

'Some therefore cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together.' Acts xix. 32.

Just published, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. march 28

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.—Just published, the Temperance Reform, being a Review of Rosanna, or Scenes in Boston. Third edition, price 6 cents.

Just published, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. march 28

NICHOLS'S NATURAL THEOLOGY.—A Catechism of Natural Theology, by I. Nichols, D. D., Pastor of the first church in Portland. Designed for the higher classes in Sunday Schools. Third edition, with additions and improvements.

'Dr Nichols has here given us a compilation, which for the learning it displays, and the Devotional Spirit breathing through its pages, as well as for its literary execution and general appearance, merits a much higher distinction than is commonly awarded to works of this class.'—*Christian Examiner.*

Just published, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. march 28

NOYES'S HEBREW PROPHETS.—A New Translation of the Hebrew Prophets, by George R. Noyes, 3 vols. 12mo.

'Mr Noyes has now accomplished a translation of all the Prophetical Books of the Scriptures. He has persevered with most praiseworthy diligence, though we regret to say, but limited support has been yielded to his works. Much benefit in the way of understanding some of the most difficult portions of the Scriptures, can be derived by all classes of Readers from an examination of these translations. They embody some of the results of the most recent investigations which have been made in Germany, in the Hebrew Scriptures.'—*American Biblical Repository.*

Just published, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. march 28

MRS. FRY'S NEW WORK.—A Word to Women, The Love of the World, and other Gatherings, by Caroline Fry, author of the Listener. 1 vol.

Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. m7

SCHLEIERMACHER AND DE WETTE.—A Third Letter to Mr Andrews Norton, on the Latest Form of Infidelity. By George Ripley. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. m 15

BOOKS FOR SCHOOLS and ACADEMIES.—Spelling—Emerson's National Spelling Book and Introduction to do.

Reading—Worcester's series, viz—A Primer of the English Language; the Second Book of Reading and Spelling; the Third Book of do and do; the Fourth Book of Reading.

Arithmetic—Emerson's North American Arithmetic, parts 1, 2 and 3, and Key; Walsh's Mercantile; Parley's; and Grund's Exercises and Key.

Algebra—Bailey's Algebra and Key; Grund's Exercises and Key, and Grund's Algebraic Problems, &c.

History—Parley's Book of the United States; do first, second and third Books of History; the Historical Class Book; Hildreth's Views of the United States, and Sequel to do; Blair's Outlines of Chronology, Ancient and Modern.

Geography—Goodrich's Outlines of Geography, and Atlas, do Universal Geography; Woodbridge's Geographical Copy Book, Blake's Geography for Children.

Astronomy—Grund's Popular Astronomy; Parley's Sun, Moon and Stars.

Chemistry—Grund's Elements of Chemistry, Stereotype edition.

Philosophy—Abbot's Little Philosopher; Grund's Elements of Philosophy; Sullivan's Moral Class Book.

Geometry—Holbrook's Easy Lessons; Grund's Plane and Solid Geometry.

Writing—Noyes's System of Penmanship; Marshall's Writing Books; Towndrow's do.

Book-Keeping—Walsh's Book-Keeping; Marshall's Public School account Book, 2 parts.

Dictionaries—Worcester's Comprehensive, and do Elementary; Johnson's and Walker's, improved by Todd.

The Political Class Book, Frost's Grammar, Russell's Lessons in Enunciation: Child's Botany: Bossut's French Word and Phrase Book.

Teachers, School Committees, &c. are requested to give the above books an examination.

For sale at TICKNOR'S. m28

Constantly for sale as above, the various School Books published in the U. S. with Stationery, &c. m28

DENTIST.—GEORGE H. GAY, Surgeon Dentist, No. 252 Washington Street. m 28

THE PRACTICAL FARMER, or Spirit of the Boston Cultivator, containing a collection of valuable Essays on Practical Agriculture, &c By Wm Buckminster.

For sale by SIMPKINS, at the Tremont Stationery Rooms, 21 Tremont Row. f29

FASHIONABLE SHAWLS, RICH SILKS, &c. AT RETAIL.

E. F. NEWHALL, 141 Washington Street, has just returned from New York, with an elegant assortment of SPRING GOODS, consisting of French Cassimeres, Edinboro', Silk Plush, Fringed Damask and Velvet SHAWLS.

Rich Figured, Corded Reps, Double Chain and Heavy PLAIN SILKS, of the best styles, changeable and single, colors, blue blacks, and beautiful light shades.

PLAIN DRESS SATINS, blue blacks, jet, browns, ash, stone, drab, blue, pink, pearl and white.

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☞ The attention of purchasers is invited to this extensive Stock of desirable New Goods. march 28

WOMAN'S MISSION.—By a Lady. With an Introductory Notice by Rev. E. S. Gannett.

'This book is one of great importance, and ought to be in the hands of every female in our country. It is almost the only book we have seen on the subject of female influence and female education, which does not inculcate principles that are preposterous and enforce practices that are absurd.'

'We have seldom read a production of higher importance to females in general, containing sound precepts and holy incentives towards excellence which deserve to be set in fine pearl on diadem of royalty, and engraved indelibly on the hearts of free citizens.'

'It is a book which no woman, young or old, can read without benefit; even those who may differ from her in the leading doctrines she maintains, cannot but assent to many of her views, and respect its elevated tone of feeling.'

Published and for sale by Wm. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington street. m. 28.

MR SARGENT'S DISCOURSE.—A Discourse, preached at the Dedication of Suffolk Street Chapel. Feb. 5, 1840. By John T. Sargent, Pastor of the Chapel.

This day published by BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington street. m. 28.

FAMILY SCHOOL.—The Rev. D. Hopkins Emerson, Northborough, Mass, being compelled by impaired health to suspend his ministerial labor, proposes to open a select Family School for Misses, to commence on the 1st of May next. Those who may be entrusted to his care, will be received into his own family, where no effort will be spared to render it a pleasant home, and a place of social, intellectual, and moral improvement. Any or all of the English Branches of Education will be taught, together with the Greek, Latin, or French languages, if desired, and lessons may be given in Music and Drawing on very moderate terms.

Northboro' is a pleasant village on the Old Road from Boston to Worcester, 30 miles from Boston, and 4 1-2 from the Boston and Worcester Rail Road at Westborough. On account of its healthfulness and quiet, it has long been a favorite resort for Boarders from the city during the summer months. The House in which the School will be held, is commodious and *retired*, very pleasantly located, and surrounded by extensive playgrounds. Particular attention will be paid to *Exercise*, as well as to the cultivation of the mind and manners. The terms will be as follows: Board and Washing $2,50 per week: Tuition, in English Branches, Greek, and Latin, $8. per quarter of 12 weeks: French, Music, and Drawing, extra charge. Reference may be made to Messrs Benj. Howard and George J. Homer, and Rev. Thos. M. Clark, Boston; Rev. Dr. Emerson and Dr. A. L. Pierson of Salem; and Rev. Joseph Allen, Northboro.'

PROF. BECKWITH'S FAMILY SCHOOL, WEST NEWTON, MASS.

THE Rev. G. C. BECKWITH will open, on the 2nd Wednesday in May, his FAMILY SCHOOL, designed to receive boys over six years of age, and not merely instruct them in all the branches preparatory to business or college, but superintend with parental care the formation of their entire character, intellectual, moral and social. The number is not to exceed twenty; and to them all he will, as far as possible, act the part of a parent. The location, eight miles from Boston on the Worcester Railroad, and accessible almost every hour of the day during the warm season, is in point of health, pleasantness, and freedom from bad influences, one of the most eligible in New England.

TERMS.—For tuition, board, washing, fuel and lights, $160 a year, in quarterly payments. Only two terms, commencing permanently on the first Monday in May and November.

☞ Further particulars, together with very ample testimonials from the best sources, may be had on application to the Principal, and Circulars at No. 9 Cornhill.

REFERENCES.—Hon. William Jackson, Seth Davis, Esq., Profs. Ripley and Hackett, Newton; Hon. J. Greenleaf, and H. Ware, Jr., D. D., Cambridge; William Jenks, D. D., Rev. H. Winslow, D. B. Tower, Principal Elliot School, S. Barrett, Principal Adams School, and George W. Bond, Boston. m 4

CHARLES ELWOOD: or the Infidel converted, by O. A. Brownson. 'The characters intro

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

GENIUS AND HOLINESS THEIR OWN MAUSOLEUM.

Blow the wild bugle blast, for the conqueror, dead!
Raise the tall marble shaft o'er his dishonored bed!
That a nation may know his mad progress is done,
And the prize that he sought, by his right hand is won.
'T was for this that he lived—'t was for this that he died—
O, then, raise high above him your column of pride!

And erect ye a fair mausoleum, for him
Whose dull eye, in its night-watch, grew glassy and dim;
Who had worshipped his godhead, lands, silver and gold,
Till the warm hand that seized them in death's grasp grew cold;
It is meet that his deity o'er him should rise!
Let the fair mausoleum tower e'en to the skies!

And go rear ye a broad granite monument, where
The patriot has fallen in mammon's deep snare:
Where the statesman has bartered his country for gold;
His inner life quenched out, and his fair birthright sold;
He would live in the red flame of splendor and power!
High above his cold frame let the granite wall tower!

But, O! where the heart throbbed with philanthropy's sigh,
And bent low o'er the wo-worn, with pity's full eye,
And reached forth mercy's hand, to restore him from death,
From his own life-fount pouring a pure vital breath,
O, remove the cold structure, he needs not your aid;
He shall live evermore, in the lives he has made!

And where deathless genius has sent forth its word,
Through the future's dark aisles by all hearts to be heard;
Moving gloriously on by God's own presence fired,
Leaving here truth awak'ning, there prophets inspired;
Or, when, from the earth, light its frail casket has fled,
Deem ye not the immortal, unperishing, dead.

Nay! back with your offerings—your tributes are vain—
Your structures are mockery—your altars profane!
Go *live* a memorial, that ever shall be
The deep voice of the past, and the present to thee!
In thy own inmost being bid a structure arise,
That the future shall build, until lost in the skies!

Cambridge-port. A. S.

TO THE ORGAN.

BY MISS M. MILES.

Peal forth thy solemn strain,
When the bride, kneeling at the altar,
With flushing cheek and tones that falter,
A holy vow is breathing;
Gentle and sweet as the timid dove,
Pure as the white rose which above
Her young brow is wreathing.

Peal forth thy solemn strain!
The rite is o'er; on her youthful head
The pastor his trembling hand hath laid—
A solemn blessing.
The father from his loved must part;
The mother to her sorrowing heart
Her child is pressing.

Peal forth thy solemn strain!
She is leaving forever her father's hearth,—
The voice of laughter and tones of mirth
In her childish home;
And by his side, her all on earth,
Her 'next to God,' the world's dim path
She must ever roam.

Peal forth thy solemn strain!
When in the dim aisle is laid the dead,
His kindred's tears above him shed
With funeral wail:
The young called in his pride away,
With laughing brow and eye's bright ray,
So still and pale.

Peal forth thy solemn strain!
The brother kneels at the coffin's side,
And vainly the gush of grief would hide
That bows his head:
The sister's farewell kiss is pressed
On the marble brow, and to his rest
They bear the dead.

Peal forth thy solemn strain!
The father is bending above his child;
The mother's tearful eye gleams wild,
As low beneath the sod
Her boy is laid,—her 'young and brave;'
But low she murmurs by that grave,
'I give him up to God!'

Peal forth thy solemn strain!
When young and aged are gathered there,
To worship in the house of prayer
On bended knee;
And the hushed breast owns God's high power,
And humbly, at the solemn hour,
Bows reverently.

Peal forth thy solemn strain!
When through the minster's holy pile
And echoing from the lighted aisle,
The song of praise,
Blent with thy deeper note, floats round,
And the evening hymn's sweet sound,
Young voices raise.

Peal forth thy solemn strain!
When the robed priest has comfort spoken,
And bade the weary and heart-broken
His power to see,
Who bade the widow's son to wake,
And died and suffered, for our sake,
On blessed Calvary.

DEATH.

BY REV. W. B. O. PEABODY.

Lift high the curtain's drooping fold,
And let the evening's sunlight in;
I would not that my heart grew cold,
Before its better hours begin;
'Tis well at such an early hour—
So calm and pure—a sinking ray
Should shine into the heart with power
To drive its darker thoughts away.

The bright young thoughts of early days,
Shall gather round my memory now,
And not the latter cares whose trace
Is stamped so deeply on my brow;
What though those days return no more;
The sweet remembrance is not vain—
For heaven is waiting to restore
The childhood of my soul again.

Let no impatient mourner stand
In hollow sadness near my bed—
But let me rest upon the hand,
And let me hear the gentle tread
Of her whose kindness long ago,
And still unworn away by years,
Has made these weary eyelids flow
With grateful and admiring tear.

I go—but let no plaintive tone
The moment's grief of friendship tell;
And let no proud and graven stone
Say where the weary slumber well!
A few short hours and then for heaven!
Let sorrow all its tears dismiss,
For who would mourn the warning given,
Which calls us from a world like this.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Christian Observer.]

OLD SCHOOL SKELETONS.

TEXT.—'*First pure, then peaceable.*'—JAS. iii. 17.

DOCTRINE.—'Quarrels should not cease till all are perfectly orthodox.'

In the theological wars, some texts form a *corps de reserve*. Like Napoleon's body guard, they are reserved for a crisis. When every thing else fails, these are called in to turn the fortune of the day. Among the Legion of Honor, this text of James holds a prominent place. In some of our extremities, I do not know what we orthodox should have done without it. It serves the double purpose of sword and shield; and when we can no longer fight, it covers our retreat. It is a complete '*testudo*' for our combatants. When a clamor is raised against us for our alleged wars of ambition and persecution of our brethren, and all hope of justification is nearly lost, and many are disposed to beg for 'quarter,' we have only to raise the battle cry of 'First PURE, then Peaceable,' and new courage inspires the warriors.

Let us therefore have this text by heart, and understand it well.

As it is a two edged sword, some caution should be used in handling it, or we shall wound ourselves.

1. First, mind and not quote any more of the passage than these *four words*—lest you weaken the impression, and in fact help the other side. Follow the usage of the venerable fathers and juvenile patriarchs in this matter. If the rest of our sentence can be perfectly veiled, so much the better.

2. Be equally careful not to look into the original Greek—lest the word *agne*, commonly rendered *chaste*, should lead you to think of chastity and purity of body, or of holiness of heart, instead of *sticklishness* for a peculiar creed. Even if it should be interpreted of purity of *heart*, what is it to that purity of *doctrine!* What is holiness to orthodoxy!

3. Look not at the *previous verse* and previous context. For there is here an emphatic and oft-repeated caution against all contention among Christians. Even the preceding verse uses this language: 'Where envying and *strife* is, there is confusion and every evil work.' Turn away your eyes I say, from this, lest you suspect some error in *our* interpretation, and your courage fail in quoting it.

4. Be equally careful not to consider the *succeeding verse*, which declares, 'The fruit of righteousness is sown in *peace* of them that make *peace*.' There is too much about '*peace*,' here, to answer our purpose, and the reader or hearer, in presuming to judge for himself, might infer that peace-makers, rather than war-makers, are likely to be blessed of God.

5. In short, let the faithful now be like the faithful 500 years ago. They took the text, 'This is my body,' as a proof of transubstantiation; and that other, 'The fire shall try every man's work,' as a proof of purgatory, without asking any questions: so now let all who adopt the new basis and justify excision, condemnation without trial, &c., plead 'First pure then peaceable,' as a complete justification of theological war, and war to the knife against every error in doctrine, discipline, church policy, or even advocating the voluntary principle.

OR,

Adopt a shorter course, and take for granted:—

1. That the *purity* here recommended, is *doctrinal* purity, and nothing else.

2. That the doctrine which James had in his eye, were the doctrines of *Presbyterianism*, in respect of faith and government, without reference to *practice*.

3. That the Presbyterianism which he made so essential, was '*High Church* Presbyterianism,' such as he prophetically saw would have an 'accidental' majority and ascendency in the first half of the nineteenth century.

4. That the Christian virtues recommended in the passage, 'first pure, then peaceable, then gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without *wrangling* (margin) and without hypocrisy;'—are not a *chain of graces* of which the *first* link is of no more consequence than the second or the sixth; but a family of oriental children where the first born runs away with all the property, and the rest must be held in abeyance.

5. Lastly; take for granted, that not one of these Christian graces (after the first,) is to be exercised or cultivated, *till all the world has become perfectly orthodox*, and orthodox according to our doxy. For we are to quarrel till all are 'Pure.' And hence, it is as clear as one of the Pope's bulls, that there can be no peace except with our consent; that 'no faith should be kept with heretics;' every 'Plan of Union,' however old, should be abrogated; and in short, that peace should be driven from the world, *till we can have all things our own way*. &c.

If you wish to make a tool of a man, first see if you can easily flatter him, and if you succeed, your purpose is half gained.

ACCOUNT OF REGINA,

A little girl of Wurtemburg, who was carried away from her mother, by the Savages in North America, and after nine years' absence, restored to her. Taken from a Narrative, written in Danish, by Pastor Ronne, of Elsinore.

Many years ago, several German families left their country and settled in North America. Amongst these was a man from Wurtemburg, who, with his wife and a large family, established himself in Pennsylvania. There were no churches or schools then in that neighborhood, and he was obliged to be satisfied with keeping the Sabbath at home with his family, and instructing them himself to read the Bible and to pray to God. He used very often to read the Bible to them, and always used first to say, 'Now, my children, be still and listen to what I am going to read, for it is God who speaks to us in this book.' In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada, between the French, and the English. The Indians took the side of the French, and made excursions as far as Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burned the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of the poor family from Wurtemburg, while the wife and one of the sons were gone to a mill, a few miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children, who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes, that nobody might follow them. In this condition they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided amongst themselves all the children whom they had taken captives. Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara: but Regina, with a little girl of two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was a very cruel woman. Her only son lived with her and maintained her, but he was sometimes from home for weeks together, and then these poor little children were forced to go into the forests to gather roots and other provisions for the old woman, and when they did not bring her enough to eat, she would beat them in so cruel a manner, that they were nearly killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she knelt down under a tree, and repeated those prayers to the Lord Jesus, and those hymns which her father taught her, then the little girl prayed with her, and learned the hymns and prayers by heart. In this melancholy state of slavery, these children remained nine long years, till Regina reached the age of nineteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. They were both fine looking girls, particularly Regina. While captives, their hearts seemed to have always been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns which she had learned when at home, and she had taught them to the little girl. They often used to cheer each other with one hymn from the hymn book used at Halle, in Germany; 'Alone, yet not alone am I, though in this solitude so drear.' They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would, some time, bring them back to their Christian friends. In 1764, their hope was realized. The merciful providence of God brought the English Colonel Bouquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians, and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition he made was, that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than 100 captives were brought to colonel Bouquet. It was a woful sight to see so many young persons wretched and distressed. The colonel and his soldeirs gave them food and clothes, and colonel Bouquet brought them all to a town called Carlisle, and published in the Pennsylvania newspapers, that all parents, who had lost their children, might come to this place, and in case of their finding them, they should be restored to them. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came, among many other bereaved parents to Carlisle: but, alas! her child had become a stranger to ner. Regina had acquired the appearance and manner, as well as the language of the natives. The poor mother went up and down amongst the young persons assembled, but by no efforts could she discover her daughters. 'Do you recollect *nothing* by which your children might be discovered?' She answered that she recollected nothing but a hymn, which she used often to sing with them, and which was as follows:

'Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh,
He comes the weary hours to cheer,
I am with him, and he with me,
Ev'n here alone I cannot be.'

The colonel desired her to sing this hymn. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the colonel restored the daughter to her mother. But there were no parents or friends in search of the other little girl; it is supposed that they were all murdered; and now the child clung to Regina, and would not let her go; and Regina's mother, though very poor, took her home with her. Regina repeatedly asked after 'the book in which God speaks to us.' But her mother did not possess a Bible; she had lost every thing when the natives burnt her house. She resolved to go to Philadelphia and buy one there, but the pastor, Muhlenburg, of that place, gave her one. It was most extraordinary that Regina still retained her early instructions, and was able to read it immediately.

In how remarkable a manner did the Lord realize his words, 'Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.'

And what reward did the mother, who had diligently taught her children while yet in infancy, the word of God, receive in finding her lost daughter, by the means of those instructions? Why do so many parents forget to communicate this best of gifts to their children? To dress and adorn them, to leave to them earthly treasures, to advance them in their life time to honor and dignities—these they trouble themselves much about; but to teach them to know their Savior, to pray to him, to believe in him, to love and obey him; how many forget *these* things! But what folly! For, 'what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

[From Shelly's Posthumous Prose.]

THE GLACIERS OF BOISSON.

In the evening, I went with Ducree, my guide, the only tolerable person I have seen in this country, to visit the glacier of Boisson. This glacier, like that of Montanvert, comes close to the vale, overhanging the green meadows and the dark woods with the dazzling whiteness of its precipices and pinnacles, which are like spires of radiant crystal, covered with a net work of frosted silver. These glaciers flow perpetually into the valley, ravaging in their slow but irresistable progress the pastures and the forests which surround them, performing a work of desolation in ages which a river of lava might accomplish in an hour, but far more irretrievable; for where the ice has once descended, the hardiest plant refuses to grow; if even, as in some extraordinary instances, it should recede after its progress has once commenced. The glaciers perpetually move onward, at the rate of a foot each day, with a motion that commences at the spot where on the boundaries of perpetual congelation, they are produced by the freezing of the waters which arise from the partial melting of the eternal snows. They drag with them from the regions whence they derive their origin, all the ruins of the mountain, enormous rocks, and immense accumulations of sand and stones. These are driven onward by the irresistable stream of solid ice; and when they arrive at a declivity of the mountain, sufficiently rapid, roll down, scattering ruin. I saw one of these rocks which had descended in the spring, (winter here is the season of silence and safety) which measured forty feet in every direction. The verge of a glacier, like that of Boisson, presents the most vivid image of desolation that it is possible to conceive. No one dares to approach it; for the enormous pinnacles of ice which perpetually fall are perpetually reproduced. The pines of the forest, which bound it at one extremity, are overthrown and shattered to a wide extent at its base. There is something inexpressibly dreadful in the aspect of the few branchless trunks, which, nearest the ice rifts, still stand in the uprooted soil. The meadows perish, overwhelmed with sand and stones. Within this last year, these glaciers have advanced three hundred feet into the valley. Saussere, the naturalist, says, that they have their periods of increase and decay; the people of the country hold an opinion entirely different; but as I judge, more probable. It is agreed by all, that the snow on the summit of Mont Blanc and the neighboring mountains perpetually augments, that ice, in the form of glaciers, subsists without melting in the valley of Chamouni, during its transient and variable summer. If the snow which produces this glacier must augment, and the heat of the valley is no obstacle to the perpetual existence of such masses of ice as have already descended into it, the consequence is obvious; the glaciers must augment, and will subsist, at least until they have overflowed this vale. I will not pursue Buffon's sublime but gloomy theory—that this globe which we inhabit will at some future period, be changed into a mass of frost by the encroachments of the polar ice, and of that produced on the most elevated points of the earth. Do you, who assert the supremacy of Ahriman, imagine him throned among these desolating snows, among these palaces of death and frost, so sculptured in this their terrible magnificence by the adamantine hand of necessity, and that he casts around him, as the first essays of his final usurpation, avalanches, torrents, rocks, and thunders, and above all these deadly glaciers, at once the proof and symbols of his reign;—add to this, the degradation of the human species—who, in these desolating regions are half deformed or idiotic, and most of whom are deprived of any thing that can excite interest or admiration. This is part of the subject more mournful and less sublime; but such as neither the poet nor the philosopher should disdain to regard.

INDECORUM IN CHURCH.

The London Sun describes the following scene as having occurred at the Church therein mentioned:

'A scene took place on Christmas-day, in the Chapel of Torquay, most remarkable, striking, and characteristic. The Rev. Mr. Elliot performed the duty, and was assisted in the Communion by the Bishop of the Diocese. The Rubric enjoins that the Creed of St. Athanasius be said on that day instead of the Apostles Creed. Either from inadvertence, or a knowledge that his Creed was obnoxious to three-fourths of the congregation—a creed forbidden by George III. to be read in his presence, and considered by many of the brightest ornament of our Chuch—either from one of these causes, or a self-conviction that such denunciations were little consistent with the character of a Protestant Minister—the Rev. Gentleman commenced the Apostles' Creed. He had not proceeded far, when Bishop Phillpotts, with outstretched arm and voice of thunder, exclaimed—'Whosoever will be saved.' Thus interrupted, startled, and confused, the rebuked minister, then, peremptorily commanded, repeated in a low voice, the Athanasian Creed. The service continued, the Bishop showing, most undisguisedly, that he was irritated and annoyed. When the priest read the Exhortation, and came to 'we eat and drink our own *damnation*, he substituted for the last word 'condemnation,' again was the voice of the Descendant of the Apostles heard, with starting emphasis, pronouncing 'damnation!!' The effect was electric. No one but felt their blood creep in their veins—it cannot better be described than in the simple words of a female present, 'The letters of my prayer-book seemed to dance before my eyes, I felt sick at heart.'—Surely, it was most unseemly thus to disturb the composure and Christian state of mind of all those who were devoutly disposed. If the Bishop saw any thing in the conduct and demeanor of his inferior, calling for animadversion, surely the altar was not the place, nor during the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper the time, for rebuke and censure.—But I will make no comment on this scene. I forbear to paint it in the glowing colors it is capable of. To the hearts of true Christains, such a desecration of the anniversary of the day that blessed us with the coming of the herald of peace and good will to man, can only bring sorrow and humiliation—to the well wishers of the Established Chnrch, dismay and alarm.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF TREES.

Trees have their characteristics plainly stamped, as have the human kind; the most *respectable* are Thorns and Crabs, which have a very safe and solvent look about them, reminding us of well-tried bankers in their eve of ease; the twisted-knotted, gnarled, distorted branches, tell of sundry far-back trials of their strength with that tough tradesman time.

The *Ash* is vulgar—bole and branch and bough all bear about them signs of every day—a humdrum steward with his bunch of keys.

The white *Birch* is a beauty, with its dazzling stem, which shows and glistens in the glad sunlight, as beauties bask their loveliness in fashion's sunny rays.

The *Willow* by the stream is some dejected poet, sighing with the breeze, which makes sweet melody among the whispering leaves.

The *Oak* is a fine commodore, and whether found near hill or vale, thrusts out his burly arms, and courts the public gaze with a frank, hearty aspect, which would say, if leaves were always books, 'Here stand I, happy in glorious strength, which, boy and man, I still have joyed in.'

The *Poplar*, (I am sorry for it, for the tree is graceful,) I am sorry, but the poplar is a spinster, always upright and tall, always most primly neat; (who ever hath seen littered poplar leaves?) always the *first seen* in the grove trees, as spinsters are first seen in society; yet always chill in looks, and somewhat scant in dress, with garments which assist not any slight neglect of Nature. No dainty trimming of the bare outline—no waving drapery aids the tall thin stem—no branch eccentric shoots from either side; the poplar is a spinster. Near, in a dry warm corner, stands a vigorous tree—short, somewhat given to spread, with fresh bright foliage thickly clothing it—this is the Sycamore, and none can name a tree more like a careful, cheerful, happy bachelor, always an old one—who can remember baby Sycamore.

GROWTH OF TOWNS ALONG THE LAKES.

History, we believe, furnishes nothing comparable to the growth of the towns along the shores of our American lakes, embracing an extent of five thousand miles, which is more than the coast of all the Atlantic States, including the Gulf of Mexico. It will be seen by the following table, from the Cleveland Herald, that the population has quadrupled within eight years, since 1830:

TOWNS.		POPULATION.
Buffalo,	8,653	20,000
Erie,	1,329	3,500
Cleveland,	1,076	8,400
Sandusky City,	400	1,500
Lower Sandusky,	351	1,500
Perrysburgh,	182	1,600
Maumee,	250	2,000
Toledo,	30	2,000
Detroit,	2,122	6,500
Monroe,	500	3,500
Chicago,	100	5,000
Milwaukie,	20	3,500
Michigan City,	10	1,800
Newburyport,	10	1,500
Navarino,	100	1,500
Huron,	10	1,500
Dunkirk,	50	1,500

There are some thirty towns on these shores not named above, most of which commenced their existence since 1830, and which, if included, would of course show a greater ratio of increase. Thus it appears that our town population has more than quadrupled within eight years. Business has increased in a still greater ratio. In 1830, the number of vessels which cleared at the port of Cleveland, with cargoes, was 327. In 138, it was 3028, being nearly ten times in number, and probably more than twenty times in tonnage. The value of exports that arrived by the canal, exceeded five millions of dollars. The value of imports, in 1830, was estimated at less than one million; and in 1838, at over nine millions. It is probable that Cleveland exported, in addition to that received by the canal, to the value of near a million. Thus that single port must have sent abroad, of the produce of Ohio, about six millions of dollars in value.

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